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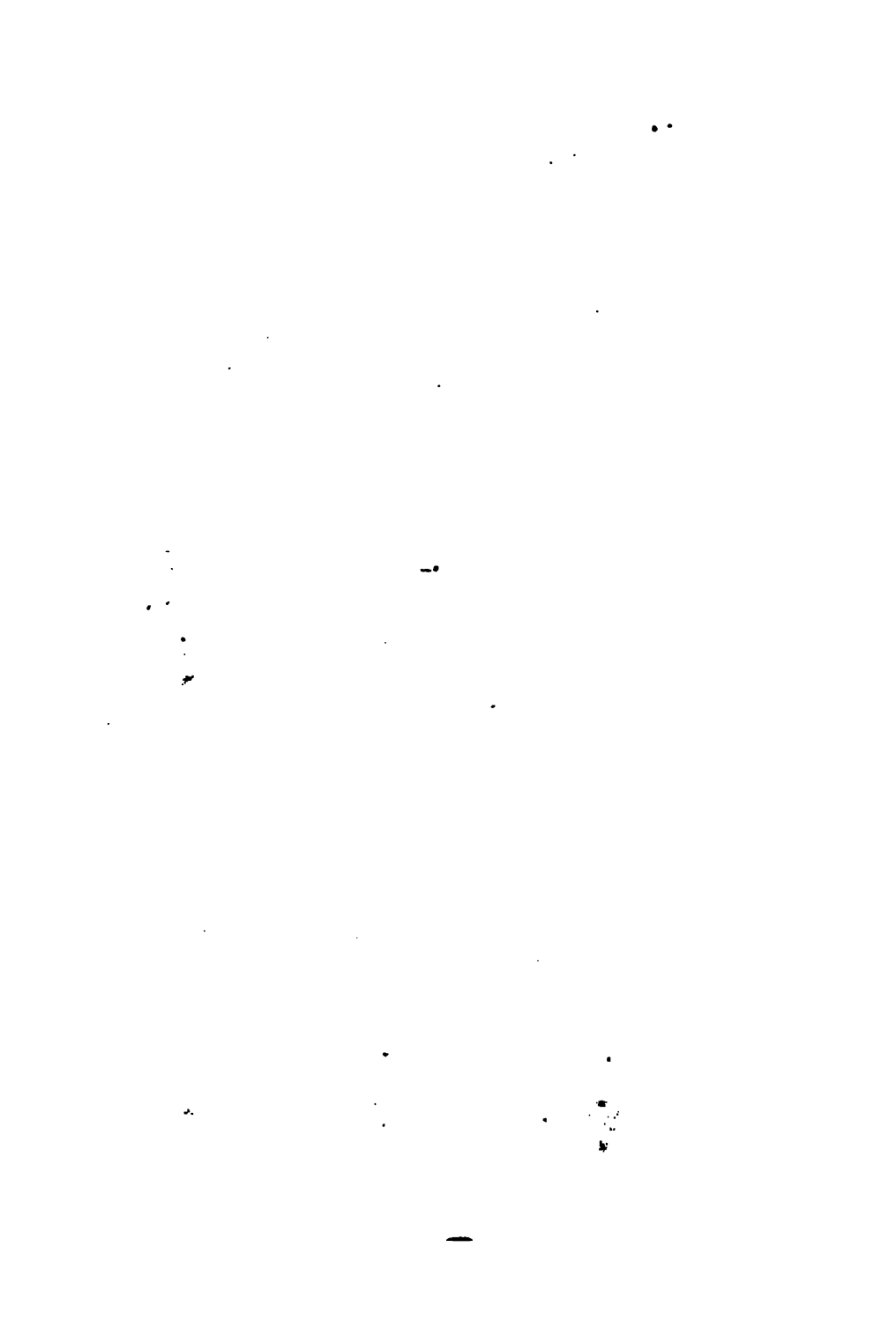




THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD,

A Tale

OF THE GREAT REBELLION.



THE
SIEGE OF LICHFIELD:

A Tale

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

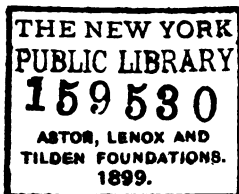
BY
William
REV. W. GRESLEY, M. A.

AUTHOR OF "BERNARD LESLIE" AND "THE FOREST OF ARDEN."

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P R E F A C E .

THIS volume is designed for instruction rather than mere amusement. I shall have failed to accomplish my wish, if what I have written should be read as a mere tale or novel, the object of which is to beguile a few hours ; and shall certainly not proceed in a similar course of labor. But if those whose opinion I value should judge that it is calculated to convey a just and faithful picture of an important part of English history, in such a manner that the reader's mind may be informed and improved, I shall then hope for opportunity to illustrate other periods of our history in a similar manner.

Of course it is primarily for young persons that the present volume is intended ; yet I am not without the hope that it may be deemed worthy of the attention of those who believe that Divine Providence affords us examples in other generations both for avoidance and imitation, which may help us to correct the errors of our own.

Persons of severe taste may object to the lighter

portions of this work ; but they should remember that those parts are perhaps the most likely to engage the attention of the generality of readers, and lead them on to consider what is more valuable. And I would make the same remark with regard to other volumes which I have laid before the public.

With regard to public events, I have followed the contemporary histories of Clarendon and Dugdale, comparing them with the later productions of Hume and Hallam, and testing their truth by Rushworth's Collection, and other documents of the time. White-locke, Ludlow, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Walker, have supplied me with more particular details. For circumstances of local history I am indebted to the information conveyed in Dr. Harwood's History of Lichfield, to which I have been enabled to add several additional facts of local interest, furnished by the favor of the Right Hon. Lord Bagot, Rev. Sir W. Nigel Gresley, Lieut. Gen. Dyott, Rev. T. J. Burns Floyer, and Mr. Stringer of Lichfield.

The Appendix contains a few particulars which may further illustrate the history of the times.

Emma Hester Seaman *from Yalke* *April 1st 18.*

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SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"Moated Lichfield's lofty pile."

SCOTT'S *Marmion*.

THE CATHEDRAL.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, the principal scene of the following narrative, is one of the most complete and beautiful, though not amongst the largest, of those sacred edifices which were raised by the pious hands of our forefathers to the honor and glory of God. The spot on which it stands was chosen, probably, by its first founders as being watered by the blood of the ancient British martyrs, who, with their leader Amphibalus, were slaughtered in this vicinity. The date of the present structure is uncertain. The greater part of it is supposed to have been built during the reign of King Henry III. Previously to the great rebellion, it presented the same general appearance as it does at present, except that it was surrounded by fortifications, the traces of which are now scarcely visible. "The whole Close," says Leland, who wrote in the sixteenth century, "was newly dyked and walled

by Bishop Langton ; who made a gate at the west part, a lesser at the south-east, and the bishop's palace at the east end. The glory of the Cathedral Church is the work at the west end, exceeding costly and fayre. There be three stone pyramids ; two at the west end, and one in the middle. The prebendaries' houses in the Close, builded by divers men, be very fayre." The Cathedral being situated on an eminence, was at an early period used as a fortress, and " enclosed about with a wall, and a good deep dry trench on all sides, except towards the city, where it is defended by a great marsh or pool."* Thus it was a fortress of no inconsiderable strength, as well as a place of Christian worship.

Our present narrative commences early in the year 1642, previously to the breaking out of the great rebellion, when England was convulsed from one end to the other with factious rage, and the storm was gathering which soon burst with such destructive fury. The demands of the Parliament were such as no monarch could accede to with honor ; much less one who, like Charles, had high notions of his prerogative, and considered it his sacred duty to hand down to his descendants the same royal power which he had received from his ancestors. It was now manifest that there must be an appeal to arms ; and all persons were beginning to range themselves, according to their respective bias, on the side of rebellion or loyalty.

When danger approaches, men are wont to acknowledge the presence of God more strongly than at other times. Many pray who never prayed before ; and

* Erdeswicke.

even the prayers of good men are more fervent than usual. On the day when our story begins, the Cathedral was far more than commonly thronged with worshippers; and the anthem's solemn peal called up, in the hearts of those assembled, feelings of awe and reverence deeper and more lively than they had before experienced. Many who had but sparingly availed themselves of the privilege of worshipping God in his beautiful temple, or had often before knelt there with little reverence, now acknowledged for the first time that they had neglected means of grace well calculated to attune their hearts to high devotion; and those who had before felt the awfulness and sublimity of cathedral-service, only clung to it with fonder attachment, now that the enemies of the Church threatened it with destruction. Thus it is that blessings, which we have slighted when in our possession, are more highly prized when there is danger of our being deprived of them; and our hearts are more keenly touched by the anticipation of loss than by the fulness of enjoyment.

Some there were, however, amongst that congregation, who appeared to have little sympathy with the hallowed feelings of the rest,—men on whose lip sat the sneer of scorn and defiance, and who seemed to view the whole service with a look of indignation and contempt, and to despise from their inmost hearts the humble worshippers who knelt before them.

As soon as the service of prayer was concluded, the congregation adjourned, as it was customary at that time, from the choir to the nave of the Cathedral, where they were joined by the congregations from the other churches in the town, and all assembled together to hear the sermon.

There was nothing extraordinary in this arrangement; still the nave of the Cathedral presented, on that day, an unusual appearance: for the attendance was larger than common; and there were new faces amongst the congregation, of men who came evidently for no good purpose, and manifested a disposition to interrupt the service. Many churches in different parts of the country had already been made the scenes of indecent interruption, and the spirit of irreverence and insubordination was fast spreading throughout the land.

The preacher on this occasion was Dr. Arnway, the canon in residence,—a man of high reputation for learning as well as piety and charity, giving an example of liberality which was more frequent in those days than the present. Twelve poor men were yearly clothed by his bounty, and as many were regaled each Sunday at his hospitable board. It was his custom to seek out for poor householders who were ashamed to beg, and privately to relieve their wants. Many poor and aged men did he employ in his service, insomuch that people were wont to say of him, that “he gave men wages to eat up his meat.” No man was more devoted than Dr. Arnway to the cause of loyalty and true religion, or more determined to act or to suffer in the holy cause.

He took for his text two verses of the epistle of St. Paul to Titus: “Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, and to be ready for every good work: to speak evil of no man; to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness to all men.” These were a portion, he said, of the directions given by Paul the apostle to Titus, bishop of Crete, touch-

ing the duties which it was necessary for a Christian minister to enforce on those committed to his charge. As a preacher of the Gospel, he should be guilty of neglect of duty, if, from fear or favor, he forbore to bring these subjects before them as occasion served. Submission to rulers—especially to the King as supreme—was a clear and undoubted portion of our Christian obligation ; and ministers of the Gospel were at all times bound to stand fearlessly forward, and put men in mind of their sacred duties. Especially in times of angry excitement it became them to endeavor, in God's name, to calm the troubled waters, and infuse into men's hearts the humble and peaceable spirit of the Christian faith. Could *they* be said to follow the example, or obey the precept, of the blessed Jesus, who refused submission to their lawful King ? who scrupled not to speak evil of dignities, and to excite brawls and evil passions, and stir up strife in a peaceable land ? Would God continue to bless a nation which thus disregarded his heavenly commands ? He alluded pointedly to the concessions already made by the King to the wishes of his subjects,—concessions which proved his generous disposition, and his desire to do all for the preservation of peace which a king could do with honor.

He described, in a pathetic and touching manner, the great happiness which the nation had so long enjoyed, its domestic peace and holy worship ; then contrasted with it the turbulence which was beginning to arise, the desecration of churches, the insults offered to God's ministers ; and he ended by a fervent prayer that God might yet preserve us from those evils which we so righteously had deserved.

The sermon was listened to with awful attention, and a loud "Amen" rolled through the arched roof of the Cathedral at its conclusion. The calm dignity of the preacher, the high respect in which he was held, the moderation and holy sincerity of his address, and the care with which he had avoided speaking in an irritating manner, even of those whose proceedings he condemned, had hitherto kept the intruders tolerably silent: but it was manifest that they were not disposed to leave the Cathedral without some act of disrespect. Accordingly, no sooner was the sermon concluded, and the blessing pronounced, than they raised up on a seat, which overtopped the rest, one Jonas M'Rorer, a fanatical and seditious fellow, who had recently come to the town, no one knew whence, and had employed himself too successfully in stirring up a factious spirit amongst the poorer classes. This man began to harangue the congregation in a loud voice, and with a peculiar nasal twang, which showed him at once to be of the puritan persuasion:—

"Wo to the rebellious city, and to them that dwell within its fenced walls! Wo to the steeple-houses; and to you with your three steeples, desolation, mourning and wo! The house of Baal shall be laid even with the ground, and there shall not be left one stone upon another. And you, ye priests of Baal, with your popish vestments, shall be smitten under the fifth rib! ye shall be smitten all the sort of you—root and branch, hip and thigh, head and tail, from the prelate who sits in the stall, to the singing-man who bellows in the choir! What is all your church-music but the roaring of antichrist? It is not the noise of men, but the bleating of brute beasts! the

choristers bellow the tenor like fat bulls of Bashan ; they bark the counter part, like a kennel of dogs ; squeak the treble, like a litter of young pigs ; and grunt the bass, as it were a sty of hogs ! Wo unto you, ye sons of Belial, for your city shall be made desolate, and your place shall be no more found. The Lord shall bring speedy vengeance on all popes, prelates, atheists, profane and damnable heretics, and destroy their habitation even to the ground ; and shall rear up, in the stead thereof, the new Jerusalem, the holy city,—yea, the pattern of Mount Sion ——”

How long the fanatic might have proceeded in this strain it is impossible to say. The female part of the congregation had left the Cathedral in alarm as soon as the sermon was concluded ; and the men, partly taken by surprise, and partly restrained by reverential feeling, being unwilling to desecrate the temple of God by making it a scene of strife, had suffered him to proceed thus far. Dr. Arnway, who had descended half way from the pulpit to the body of the Cathedral, endeavored to persuade him to desist ; but in vain, the intruder, gifted with a stentorian voice, seemed determined to have his turn. At this moment, a young man of resolute mien and commanding appearance came across the church, and respectfully addressed a few words in a low tone to Dr. Arnway ; whereupon the worthy canon, raising his voice, said to the intruder in a tone of authority, “I command you, by virtue of my office as magistrate within the Close, to cease from brawling in God’s consecrated house.”

“Consecrated house !” said the fanatic, “it is the house of Baal, a den of thieves !”—

But he was not permitted to proceed. Upon a signal from Dr. Arnway, the young man who had addressed him, and another as determined as himself, burst through the knot of intruders with that irresistible determination which strong indignation alone can give, and laying an iron grasp on the shoulder of the fanatic, led him, though a strong man, in spite of his struggles and imprecations, out of the holy edifice, nor left him until they had conveyed him through the west gate of the Close, followed by the rabble, who had not the courage to attempt a rescue. The gates of the Close were then shut and barred, and the sacred precincts of the Cathedral restored to their usual quietness.*

In ordinary times a broil of this sort, if it occurred at all, would be looked on as a mere outbreak of insane violence; but when coupled with the alarming circumstances of the times, it left a deep and sad impression on those who had witnessed it. They knew that similar scenes had occurred in other places,—nay, in some towns the church-service had been interrupted, and the pulpit forcibly occupied by irreverent intruders. Was the time indeed come when the sanctity of God's house was to be invaded by the rude voice of blasphemy? Was their holy religion

* It frequently happened in those days, as it has more recently, that two or three blasphemers have been able to interrupt a whole congregation in their service. Christian worshippers should be prepared to repress such insults. The best way of proceeding on such occasions is, for every able-bodied man to rise from his seat, and place himself under the direction of the magistrate or the churchwarden, who during service and in the house of God is armed with magisterial powers.

to be mocked with impunity, and their most solemn feelings outraged? Was violence even at their doors? Thus it is that men who have lived long in peace, may hear of wars and rumors of wars, and tumults in distant places, with comparative unconcern; but when the danger is close upon them, and the quiet tenor of their lives is actually disturbed, then a small thing fills them with terror, and they know not whither to turn for safety.

And as when a tempest is gathering, hollow blasts are heard, and gusts of wind, and strange murmurings in the air; so before the breaking out of civil strife, angry voices are lifted up, and strange uncouth men come into notice, and lawless events, like that described, take place; and men surmise and wonder, while such things become more frequent daily, until at length the torrent of strife bursts over the land, and all is ruin and desolation.*

* It is related of Dr. Hacket, afterwards bishop of Lichfield, that about this time, or somewhat later, "one Sunday, while he was reading the common prayer in his church (St. Giles's, Holborn), a soldier of the Earl of Essex came and clapt a pistol to his breast, and commanded him to read no further: the doctor smiled at his insolency in that sacred place; and not at all terrified, said, *he* would do what became a divine, and *he* might do what became a soldier; so the tumult for that time was quieted, and the doctor permitted to proceed."—PLUME'S *Life of Hacket*.

CHAPTER II.

"The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful changes ;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and sing."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE COUNCIL.

THE first part of the year 1642, was a time of harrowing suspense and anxiety to all England, and the city of Lichfield shared the general excitement. Being situated at a considerable distance from the metropolis, and the communication with the remote parts of the kingdom being slow and irregular, the arrival of every courier or traveller was expected with intense interest ; and the news which was brought in this desultory manner, was far from being calculated to allay the apprehensions of the inhabitants. They heard of tumultuous assemblages in different parts of the kingdom, especially in London ;—the archbishop's palace attacked—the bishops insulted—members of parliament prevented by the mob from taking their seats, and their names and persons held up to public execration, if they dared to vote in opposition to the popular will. It is an invariable precursor of revolution, when a faction in the state basely avail them-

selves of mob-violence for the attainment of their object. Government is virtually at an end when rulers are coerced by the pressure from without. Relying on the support of the excited masses, the factious leaders were guilty of the most glaring violations of law and justice, committing members of their own house to prison, and impeaching members of the upper house for words used in debate, which were far from being immoderate ; imprisoning those who presented petitions, if their petitions did not please them ; usurping at once both the judicial and legislative powers in matters relating to the Church.* Add to this, that they insulted the King with the most unreasonable demands, which it was impossible that he should grant, without virtually abdicating his regal power. Troops were raised without his consent ; his revenues were taken from him ; his fortresses occupied by his subjects, and himself denied admittance. At the same time the most absurd rumors and detestable calumnies were circulated by the puritan or dissenting faction in order to inflame the popular mind. Reports were spread that the King had raised an army of papists, with which he intended to drive out the Parliament, and restore popery ; that large numbers of papists were concealed in the vaults and cellars of London, ready to issue forth and massacre the citizens ; and that the king had given orders to blow up the Thames with gunpowder, and destroy the whole city by inundation. Then again, when the King had been forced from London, it was industriously circulated and currently believed, even till the beginning

* See Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, vol. ii. p. 194.

of the war, that he was in the hands of a party of desperate malignants, who carried him about with them against his will, and that the troops levied by the Parliament were intended to rescue the King from his bondage. Many ignorant persons actually joined the rebels under this notion ; so utterly unable are the mass of the people to judge of mere matters of fact, so open to the most gross delusion. Such were the current reports circulated amongst the more credulous of the citizens of London, and soon spread amongst the inhabitants of the country. At the same time the press, freed from all restraint, teemed with the most atrocious libels and falsehoods. The vilest calumnies were published by the Puritans against the Church. The clergy, who dared to uphold the King's authority, were sequestered and deprived, and a set of ranting demagogues appointed in their place ; and even judges for the same reason were removed from the bench.

But when the king was forced by the violence of his enemies to adopt measures of self-defence, and had determined to vindicate his cause and resist further aggression, the eyes of the more moderate part of the nation began to be opened. In truth, the violence of the factious leaders in part defeated its own object ; for their unreasonable demands and increasing insolence made it manifest, even to their own adherents, that they had resolved to push things to extremities ; and many who had hitherto voted in opposition to the court, and joined in the factious cry, now that they perceived that it was not a mere question of the extent of prerogative, but of the very existence of monarchy, chose the King's part in the contest which

they had contributed to bring about. Thus it is that when moderate and conscientious men are betrayed into acquiescence in unjustifiable measures, even though it be to obtain a just object, instead of the means being sanctified by the end, the end is desecrated by the means employed to gain it; and they who have contributed to set the mass in motion, intending to roll it to a certain point, are unable to stop its impetus when they most desire; and find to their mortification that they have been all the while the tools of men less honest than themselves. Nothing contributed more to disabuse the public mind of its delusion than the manifestoes of the King, penned by the noble Falkland: and it is worth observing, that whereas the so-called parliamentary party circulated their own statements, and carefully suppressed those on the other side wherever they were able to do so; the King, on the other hand, dispersed his own and those of the hostile party together, desirous that all men might judge between them, and confident in the justice of his cause.

The war which was about to commence has been commonly called a war between the King and Parliament. How utterly erroneous is this designation, will be apparent from one or two facts. It is well known that the revolutionary party were always in a minority even in the House of Commons, and prevailed only by the aid of mob-violence and intimidation. When the war broke out in 1642, the members of the House of Lords who resorted to the King far exceeded those who remained behind; and afterwards, the Parliament which assembled around the King at Oxford equalled the number of those who sat at West-

minster. How, then, could it be rightly called a war between the King and Parliament, when two estates of the realm at least were clearly on the King's side? It was nothing more or less than a rebellion fomented by a knot of factious demagogues, effected by mob-violence, and submitted to by the supine indifference and laziness of the better disposed. Perhaps no one thing more contributed to it than the negligent attendance of the loyal members in their places in parliament, which enabled the revolutionists, though a minority, to choose their own time for bringing forward the most objectionable measures. It were well if after-ages would take example by these ascertained facts.

The following passage from Clarendon is worth the consideration of members of parliament in all ages: "I know not," he says, "how those men have already answered it to their consciences, or how they will answer it to Him who can discern their consciences, who having assumed their country's trust, and, it may be, with great earnestness labored to acquire that trust (*i. e.* a seat in parliament), by their supine laziness, negligence, and absence, were the first inlets to those inundations which so contributed to those licenses which overwhelmed us. *For by this means a handful of men, much inferior in the beginning, came to give laws to the major part.*

At length, on the 25th day of August, 1642, the news was spread through the country that the King had set up the royal standard at Nottingham. The day on which the civil war thus openly commenced was ushered in with a tremendous storm of wind and rain; and the King's standard was no sooner raised

than it was blown down again by the violence of the tempest,—an omen which was not without its influence on the minds of the royalists. In truth, the King commenced the struggle under no very favorable auspices. He was accompanied by not more than a few hundred troops, unprovided with arms or military stores. The garrisons and depôts were in the hands of rebels. They had also in the neighborhood of the King an army of six thousand men, under the command of Essex, with which they might at once have crushed the royal cause ; but from some unexplained reason,—whether they underrated the power of the King, and expected that his small force would melt away instead of augmenting, or whether Essex and other leaders dreaded the course which seemed inevitable, and shrank from the enormous sin of actual rebellion against their lawful sovereign,—whatever might have been the cause, it is certain that they neglected to avail themselves of the power with which they then seemed able to have put an end to the contest at a blow.

Meanwhile the King's forces daily increased in number. The loyalty of the nation was roused, and the spirit of ancient chivalry was again kindled. Many who had shrunk supinely from public affairs when their exertions might have saved the country, now, partly from shame, partly from alarm, came forward on the side of their lawful ruler. The nobility and gentry of the land flocked to him from all quarters, bringing with them armed attendants ; and they who were unable to answer the summons in person sent in stores and contributions. The Universities melted down their plate to be coined into money ; and

the Queen sold her jewels, and purchased arms and ammunition for the troops.

The two parties being thus fairly engaged in open hostility sent forth their manifestoes to every town and county; requisitions were despatched by the King to all his loyal subjects to furnish arms and money, and counter-requisitions were issued by the Parliament.

On the 17th of October, the following order from the King was forwarded to the magistrates of the city of Lichfield.

“CHARLES R.

“Trusty and Wel-beloved :

“We greet you well. Our will and pleasure is, that you cause all the inhabitants of your city of Leitchfield immediately to bring into the townne-hall there all their armes, muskets, pykes, corsletts, swords, or weapons of any sort; and whosoever shall fayle of bringing in his said arms, or endeavor to conceale the same, shall be taken as a person disaffected to the publique peace.

“And our pleasure is, that the said armes bee forthwith sent unto us, to our royal standard. And further, we require you to summon all the substantial inhabitants of that our city, and in our name move them, that they severally contribute in such proportion to us in money or plate for the present supply of our extraordinary visible necessity, as wee may thereby judge of the sense they have of our condition; and of this service we shall expect a particular account, as well of those who refuse as of those who do supply us, by Wednesday, 8 of the clock in the morn-

ing, at our royal standard. And hereof you must not fayle, as you tender our displeasure.

"Given att our Court att Wolverhampton this 17th day of October, 1642."*

Lichfield, like every other town in the kingdom, was at this time divided into factions, and was by no means disposed to comply unanimously with the King's command. The Earl of Essex was lord of the manor, and by his influence and connexions in the town had contributed greatly to its disaffection;—interfering most unconstitutionally in their elections, and, for his own purposes, fomenting a discontented, rebellious spirit, and setting parties against each other. The vicinity of the Close, though not without its beneficial influence, yet had the effect of raising a party jealous of clergy, and always ready to oppose them. It generally happens, that in cathedral towns there is a dissatisfied party of men jealous of the influence of the dignified clergy, which accounts for the fact, that you will often find a violent spirit of dissent under the very walls of the cathedral.

Upon the receipt of the King's message, a public meeting was held in the town-hall, to deliberate upon this important business. There were zealous men on both sides, eager partisans of the King or Parliament. The principal leader of the royalists was Sir Richard Dyott, steward and recorder of the city, and a person of considerable property and high respectability. Several times he had represented the city of Lichfield in parliament; but at the last general election, two

* See Appendix, note A.

members of different politics had been sent. Some years before, he had been selected by the King on the occasion of a special commission at Carlisle and Appleby, and appointed one of the commissioners, at which time he had received the honor of knighthood. Another staunch supporter of the Church and King was Mr. Henry Mott, one of the bailiffs for that year. But a majority of the corporation were of the contrary faction. Thomas Minors, a mercer, the sheriff for the city, was a man of sour puritanical principles, a bitter enemy to the Church, though withal a man of character and integrity. Sampson Burnes, one of the magistrates, was also a strong partisan of parliament, though in the main a good churchman, which was somewhat remarkable. Michael Noble, the town-clerk, and Richard Drafgate, steward of Lord Essex, were leaders on the parliamentary side.

History has not preserved the speeches and arguments of these several persons. The point was hotly contested between them ; the one party strongly urging that the King's commands should be immediately complied with, the other as stoutly refusing.

At the beginning of civil troubles there will generally be found a large and influential body of moderate men, who though, no doubt, sometimes sincere, yet are for the most part a selfish and interested race, consulting only how they may preserve their property, and best serve their own interests. Such a man was Mr. Elisha Froggat, commonly called, from his place of residence, Froggat of Froglane, reputed to be a man of considerable wealth, and consequently of some influence in the city. This man was a kind of amphibious animal,—neither fish nor flesh, neither

royalist nor round-head. He was fond of calling himself a moderate man; but, like many others, he mistook the nature of moderation. Moderation consists, not in wavering between parties, and being a true friend of none; but in choosing one side conscientiously and honestly, and maintaining it zealously though dispassionately. Of this, Mr. Froggat, like most other moderate men, had no notion. His object was, if possible, to keep in with both parties. He was, besides, an inveterate croaker and coward,—a prophet of evil; in ordinary times, a harmless inoffensive person, but at a period when energy and zeal were required, a sad marplot and mischief-maker. This gentleman delivered his sentence to the following effect: He had a great regard for the King—provided he governed according to law. The Parliament he respected highly—so long as they confined themselves to their just rights. The use of government was the protection of the public peace, and of the lives and properties of individuals. [So far Mr. Froggat was a true conservative.] When government no longer protected them, they must provide in the best manner they were able for their own safety. Why should they give up their arms to the King, when they most wanted them to defend themselves? At the same time, certainly, if the King got the better of his adversaries, he would probably remember those who refused to render him assistance. His counsel, therefore, was, that they should send an humble address to his Majesty, expressive of their high regard for his person, as in duty bound, and so forth; but to represent respectfully, that they required their arms for the defence of their own city.

Mr. Froggat's motion was received by a great number of those present as a happy expedient to extricate themselves from their difficulties, and was eventually carried, the other parties being unable to coalesce with each other. Thus it is that in the beginning of civil strife, moderate men of this description, being generally the most numerous, have great influence, and are able to decide between the adverse parties; but as troubles advance, the neutrals are forced to amalgamate with one party or the other, or are ground in pieces, and crushed, like the grain between the upper and nether millstone. In some of the counties neutral societies were formed when the war broke out, consisting of men who proposed to join neither party, but to wait the result; but the Parliament at once voted these societies illegal, in the spirit of the law of the Athenian democracy, which inflicted the punishment of death on those who remained neutral in civil strife. In truth, at such times it is the duty of every man to maintain the cause which he believes to be just; nor is it possible for men long to remain neutral, however much they may wish it.

The royalists, out-voted in the town-hall, were not disposed to let the matter drop, but adjourned in a body to the house of Sir R. Dyott, where they were joined by a large body of friends from the Close. "What! gentlemen," said Sir Richard, standing on the raised floor at the end of his spacious hall, and holding in his hand the King's proclamation, as with high indignation he addressed the royalists who thronged around him, "shall ~~it~~ be said that the ancient and loyal city of Lichfield has refused to send

assistance to her King in the time of his need ? Shall our children after us learn that their fathers were rebels and traitors against their Sovereign ? Shall we submit to be bearded by the seditious varlets and sneaking knaves in yonder town-hall ? Are there none here who will enlist themselves in the King's service, and carry their arms with them to his standard ?"

"I will, for one !" said a clear and resolute voice, which proceeded from the same young man who, as we have seen, some time previously distinguished himself by expelling the fanatic intruder from the Cathedral.

No sooner was the ice broken, than a number of other voices were raised in simultaneous consent, and the spirit of enthusiasm was quickly kindled, and spread from one to another.

"Well done, Henry Archbold, and all of you," said Sir Richard ; "I knew we had stout hearts and loyal spirits amongst us, who would not suffer our city to be disgraced by these roundhead knaves and rebels. Let us at once enroll our names as volunteers for the King ; and let us begin by giving three cheers for his success :—" which was accordingly done with hearty good-will by the brave royalists.

At this moment, Dr. Arnway, who stood by the side of Sir Richard, advanced to address the meeting. "Gentlemen and fellow-townsmen," said he, "I am rejoiced to see so many present who are animated with a zeal to serve their King and country. It is a solemn duty which we owe to God to stand forth on the side of our Sovereign, now that he calls on us for aid. Let all of us contribute what we are able to

maintain the cause of truth and justice. Let the rich contribute of their wealth, the wise and experienced their counsel; let the young and strong gladly draw their swords in the good cause. For myself, seventy winters have rendered me unable to render my personal service to my King, which otherwise I should not have scrupled to offer; but I here declare that it is my intention to fit out and maintain at my own expense eight troopers, and send them immediately to join the royal standard."

A loud burst of applause followed this announcement, and the generous loyalty of the worthy canon spread itself through the meeting; many who were present at once enrolled themselves as volunteers; others, who were aged or infirm, commissioned deputies in their stead, whom they equipped with horses and arms at their own expense. Precentor Hegin declared that he would go as chaplain to the regiment. Forty gallant troopers were mounted within a few days, and the command of the troop was given to Captain Anthony Dyott, the eldest son of Sir Richard; the worthy knight himself having been with difficulty persuaded, as the head of a large family, to remain at home; and it was thought that he might serve the King's cause best at Lichfield, where his influence was of importance.

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CHAPTER III.

*"Is this a time for moonlight dreams!
Of love and home by many streams,
For Fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,—
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?"*

Keele.

THE SEPARATION.

A FEW furlongs from the Close of Lichfield, on the east side, is an ancient church dedicated to St. Chad. It was on this spot, according to a legend of former days, that the holy man led an eremitical life, dwelling in a cell beside a bubbling spring. A stone is still seen at the bottom of the spring on which it is stated that he was wont to kneel at his prayers; more probably it was placed there for the converts who were baptised. The saint himself is said to have been supported by the milk of a wild doe, white as snow, which resorted to his cell; and many holy men either dwelt with him or sought his company. His principal companion was Ovin, who had been chief minister to Princess Ethelreda; but determining to quit the temptations of the world, he came, with his axe in his hand, to dwell with St. Chad, and exercise himself in the laborious occupation of wood-cutting.

One day these holy men were disturbed in their quiet seclusion by the sound of hound and horn, which rang through the forest glades; and presently St. Chad's white doe rushed panting into the cell of the saint, seeking protection from its pursuers. She was soon followed by a gallant train of hunters, at the head of which were Wulfade and Rufine, sons of Wulfere the king of Mercia. The young princes were struck with reverential awe at the dignified aspect of the saint; and having thus providentially formed an acquaintance with St. Chad, were afterwards converted by him from heathenism, and baptised into the Christian Church. The King, their father, having learned their conversion from an evil counsellor named Werebod, put them both to death; but afterwards, filled with remorse, himself sought the cell of the holy man, by the counsel of Queen Ermenilda, embraced the faith of Christ, and banished all idolatrous worship from his dominions. Afterwards St. Chad was appointed bishop of Lichfield; and the fame of his piety, which he had acquired as a hermit, deservedly accompanied him as a bishop.

He built for himself a small house and oratory on the spot where his cell had formerly stood; and thither he retired often to pray in private, and there at last he died.

On the approach of his death, we are told, flights of angels sang hymns over his cell; and after his death many miracles are said to have been performed. A lunatic, who by accident had escaped from his keepers, rested a night upon his tomb, and in the morning was restored to his senses. The very dust taken from his grave was considered a certain remedy for all dis-

orders incident to man and beast. He was canonised ; a shrine erected to the honor of his memory was visited by innumerable devotees, and Lichfield began to increase and flourish.

Such is the legend of St. Chad. We read it in the present day with a smile of incredulity : but divested of its marvels, it preserves to us the memory of a good, and holy, and able man, who exercised a beneficial influence over the barbarous age in which he lived, and baptised many converts, both high and low, into the faith of Christ. By him the Mercian heathens were brought to a knowledge of Christ. He was, in short, a Christian missionary, one of the second founders of the English Church, after the British Christians had been well-nigh exterminated by their heathen conquerors, and before the Popish system had spread its noxious branches. Probably our own forefathers owe their conversion to his zeal. We should regard him, therefore, as one, the influence of whose faith and holy deeds has descended even to our own days, and whose name deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance.

The place where St. Chad fixed his residence was called Chadstowe, or the station of St. Chad ; and the parish has since received the abbreviated name of Stowe, or St. Chad's. The remains of the saint's habitation have been preserved until very recently. "I have long ago," says Dr. Stukely, writing in 1756, "taken a drawing of St. Chad's habitation by the neighboring church of Lichfield, where Ovin heard the angels at St. Chad's obit. There is his well and a little monastery. The habitation joins to the north-west angle of the church."

At the time of our narrative, the little monastery, after having been suppressed and dilapidated at the Reformation, had been repaired by the clergyman of the place, and converted into his parochial residence.

Thus the same spot had borne witness to many changes of the Church: it had been the slaughter-place of the first Christians, then the cell of the anchorite, or the baptistry of the missionary; afterwards the site of the monastery; and now the quiet residence of the Protestant clergyman.

Our story now introduces us to the inmates of this peaceful dwelling. It was in the month of October, one of those bright and calm evenings which mark the close of summer, and gild the changing foliage with every varied hue before it is rudely scattered by the equinoctial gale,—when Mr. Morley, the vicar of Lichfield, having returned home from his parochial labors, was seated in his library with his only daughter, watching the glorious sun as it set beneath the western horizon, throwing the elegant spires of the Cathedral into bold relief against the illumined sky. Catharine Morley was one of those soft and gentle beings who are formed for domestic love and peace; but, at the same time, she was not without strength of character,—a strength arising more from religious faith than natural temperament,—which might enable her to endure affliction more nobly than those of harder mould. At the present time her bright eyes were dimmed with tears, and a sigh struggled in her breast; but she strove to conceal her feelings, lest they should increase her father's distress. The hearts of both were sorrowful and anxious.

"Alas, my daughter!" said Mr. Morley, "we need much strengthening of our faith. Christians ought not to repine at the visitations of Providence. 'When ye hear of wars and rumors of wars,' says our Lord, 'be not troubled; for such things must needs be.' While the evil passions of men are uncontrolled, we are not to expect peace upon the earth. It becomes us to nerve our hearts by prayer and self-denial for the endurance of whatsoever God may please to send. But who is this?" said he, breaking off from his melancholy reflections, "who is this coming across the fields? it is Henry Archbold surely."

"It is indeed," said Catharine. "I thought we should see him again before he went;" and a gleam of joy seemed to shoot across her troubled spirit.

It is time, however, as Archbold crosses the fields, that we inform our readers of the character and circumstances of our young hero, who has appeared twice before in our narrative, and whose approach was now hailed with joy both by father and daughter.

Henry Archbold was son of a civilian who resided in the Close, and was distinguished amongst his fellow-townsmen not more for his frank and upright bearing, and talents of various kinds, than for his devoted attachment to the cause of true religion and loyalty. Archbold's zeal for Church and King was not a mere hot-headed enthusiasm, but the result of calm thought and deliberate conviction. No doubt the fire of youth gave energy to his conduct; yet this behavior was guided always by reason and right principle. He had reflected much on the political state of the nation; had conversed often with his father and other valued friends on the prospects of the country;

and, now that the King had summoned his subjects to join his standard, he responded at once to the call of duty, and decided that, unencumbered as he was with family-ties, it was his duty to render his personal services to his Sovereign. Archbold saw clearly that the cause of the English Church was so inseparably joined with that of the monarchy, that both must fall or be saved together. Like others who engaged in the struggle, Archbold hoped and believed that it would be brief, and little dreamed that he was embarking in a long and protracted warfare of many years. Still it was not without many sad and sorrowful feelings, that, when the eager bustle of preparation was finished, he found the time arrived when he must leave his home, and bid adieu to many dear friends, uncertain to what dangers they might be exposed during his absence.

As he entered the parsonage, Mr. Morley received him with cordiality, though neither affected a cheerfulness which he did not feel. Catharine took his extended hand, and the tears again began to chase each other down her beautiful cheeks.

"You have heard, no doubt, sir," said Henry, "that our troop is ordered off to-morrow at sun-rise to join the King at Shrewsbury."

"I have," responded Mr. Morley, "and may God prosper your expedition!"

"I could not leave home," continued the youth, "without coming to say farewell to you and Catharine. I pray God we may again meet in peace."

"Amen," responded Mr. Morley; and there was a pause of some time, neither party wishing to express the apprehension he felt for the safety of the other.

"Well, let us hope for the best," said Archbold, "and believe that God will prosper the right."

"The prayers of the saints," said the pastor, "are the strength of the Church. Let us do our duty, whether it be in action or suffering, and leave the result to the wisdom of Him who knoweth what is best for us."

"I hope," continued Henry, "that affairs have taken a prosperous turn. The King's cause gains strength daily. He has many firm friends, who have taken arms in his aid; and he has justice on his side; therefore let us trust he will prosper. A few weeks, or months at farthest, will, I hope, see him reinstated in his lawful authority."

Mr. Morley shook his head. "When a nation," said he, "is divided against itself, when every city, town, and village, nay, almost every family, is split into factions, it will neither be a short time nor a few struggles which will suffice to settle us again in peace. The nation which deliberately chooses war and rebellion must pay a fearful reckoning."

"The times are indeed alarming," replied Archbold. "However, there is but one plain course to pursue. If I feel any apprehension, it is not, be assured, on my own account, satisfied as I am that I have taken the right course. Still, I cannot but be anxious for those dear friends whom I leave behind."

"You *have* taken the right course, my dear Henry," said Mr. Morley. "Under your circumstances I should not have hesitated to do the same. We have all our duties to perform: mine is to remain here at my post, nor shall aught but force drive me from it."

"May God avert such a calamity!" said Henry.

"Let us trust that He will not suffer His sanctuary to be invaded, nor His holy Church to be destroyed."

"Of the eventual safety and triumph of His Apostolic Church," said the pastor, "we cannot entertain the least fear, because we have His own sacred promise to preserve it. It may be brought very low; still let us be assured that he will again raise it up. Yet it may be His will to chasten us. He may desire to purify us in the furnace of affliction, and sift the wheat from the chaff. He may see that, as a nation, we have not profited by the wealth and peace with which we have so long been blessed. Perhaps we have lived too long at ease, and have waxed wanton in our prosperity. We know not as we ought the value of the precious deposit which has been committed to us, when God made our land the abiding place of His purified Church. There is among us much arrogance and self-seeking, which requires chastisement; and God desires that by suffering we should learn obedience. It may be His will to permit schism and self-will and hypocrisy to triumph for a while, in order to teach us the value of our own pure Church. Yet, though we be chastened, be assured that His blessing will rest on those who act or suffer nobly in His cause. You, I feel assured, my dear Henry, need no exhortation to a brave performance of your duty. I would the King had many as true-hearted defenders. My best wishes and prayers attend you. Never may you forget the holiness of the cause in which you are embarked; never, in the hour of triumph or defeat, forget that you are a soldier of the cross of Christ, and that it is under His banner that you go forth into the field."

The solemn fervor of the reverend pastor's words spread around a glow of devotional feeling, which was felt by all present ; and, for a while, the deep feeling of Christian duty dispelled the intruding thoughts of sorrowful separation. At last the time arrived when they must part.

" 'Tis a hard task," said Archbold, " to bid adieu to those we love, not knowing when we may meet again, or what may happen in the mean time. But the word 'farewell' must at last be said," and he grasped Mr. Morley's hand as he rose to depart.

" Let me accompany you on your way home," said Mr. Morley ; and he rose and led the way from the house.

Archbold was left alone with Catharine, his beloved and affianced Catharine. Scarcely a few short weeks had elapsed since they had pledged their mutual affection. The parents of each had given their willing sanction to the union ; the wedding-day had been talked of ; bright prospects of calm domestic happiness were before them—when now their cup of joy was rudely dashed to the ground ; stern duty summoned Archbold to the war ; nor did even the gentle and affectionate Catharine grudge his departure, called as he was to fight in the hallowed cause of his Church and his King. We need not describe the touching sadness of that short interview, when, with mingled sorrow and devotion, invoking the protection of a good Providence, they bade each other farewell, perhaps to meet no more.

Alas ! how dreadful are civil feuds, which rend asunder the ties of peace and love, and rudely break the sacred bonds of affection ! But God knoweth

what is best ; and all things work together for good to those who fear Him.

The moon was now up in the heavens as Mr. Morley and Archbold walked towards the Close. But the face of the evening was beginning to change. A storm was rising in the distance, gusts of wind were curling the waters of the pool, and large drops of rain beginning to fall. They took a hasty but cordial leave of each other, and returned to their respective homes.

CHAPTER IV.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

Alexander the Great.

THE BATTLE. (EDGEHILL.)

THE sun had just risen bright and clear after the storm of the night, when the little troop of Lichfield volunteers set forward on their march. Archbold's heart was full of tumultuous feelings. The various emotions of the foregoing evening had given way to anticipations of the future. Regrets at leaving those so dear to him had been supplanted by a generous enthusiasm for his King, and the cause of loyalty in which he had embarked; and as he pushed on briskly over the level ground, and fronted the fresh morning breeze, his heart was full of hope and eagerness. Then, again, when they drew rein in ascending some rising ground, Henry could not refrain from looking back once more on the spot where his affections were centred; and sad apprehensions would again arise for the safety of his dear friends, especially of her to whom he felt linked by a chain which could be severed only by death. And who could tell whether they might ever meet again, or what sad events might befall them in the interval?

"How now, my good friend Archbold," said Sir Richard Dyott, who, though he had been persuaded to give the command of the troop to his son, yet could not refrain from setting out with them on the march, and had procured himself to be appointed one of the deputation to convey the answer of the town to the King's requisition. "What!" continued the bluff knight, "have you left the bright eyes of the fair maid of St. Chad's bedimmed with tears? Cheer up, friend, cheer up!"

"What is the last news from the army, Sir Richard?" said Archbold, glad to divert his thoughts, and pleased by his old friend's hearty and encouraging tone, more than by his observation; "there was an express last night, I hear."

"The King is still at Shrewsbury, and is drawing together all the troops he can muster. It is said he intends to march upon London, and so force the rebels to come to an engagement. There has been a sharp brush already at Worcester, and Prince Rupert has cut up a squadron of the roundheads in fine style. He is a dashing fellow, that same prince, and will teach the rebels a lesson."

"I am glad," said Archbold, "we shall be under so bold a leader."

"I only hope he may not overshoot his mark," said Sir Richard, in a lower tone. "He has a strong arm—I wish his head may be found equal. But I confess I would rather see Lindsay general-in-chief; and so would a good many more." This was said to himself rather than to his companion.

"We shall have a good muster, by all accounts," observed Archbold.

"Yes; the gentry and nobility of Shropshire and Staffordshire have shown themselves gallantly. There is one troop under the King, the members of which are worth more money than the whole rebel Parliament, lords and commons put together."

"'Tis well the King is supplied with the sinews of war."

"It were well indeed if he were so," said Sir Richard; "but I am afraid, though his followers have fair estates, their ready money is not so plentiful. The King has set up a mint at Shrewsbury, more for show, I fear, than use; the grist does not come in very fast to the mill. He has melted down all his own plate to set us an example. It is a sad mistake of those who have money or plate, and wish the King well, not to place it at once at his disposal. I declare I have not left five gold pieces in the house, out of my Michaelmas rent, to buy flour and butcher's meat."

"Your credit, however, is pretty good, Sir Richard."

"And I have told dame Dorothy that we must make a shift to eat our porridge with wooden spoons; for every ounce of plate I have is in yonder light cart; it's heavier than it looks; it has got something in it better than dry hose and doublets. See, one of the wheels has sunk into a rut."

The good knight spurred his horse forward to see the cart righted; and the troop, having come to some hard and level ground, moved briskly forward; but being encumbered with the plate and other stores for the King's service, they halted that night at a village ten miles on this side of Shrewsbury. On the morrow, before they started, they paid punctually for

everything they had used, and set out amidst shaking of hands, and the hearty good wishes of the country-people. Alas! a few months of civil war made a sad difference as to the reputation in which the soldiers were held by the people, when plunder and forced contributions were resorted to for the necessary maintenance of the troops of both parties. About noon they marched into the old town of Shrewsbury in good order,—as fine a troop, for the size of it, as any in the King's service.

They were immediately put under the command of Prince Rupert, whose reputation for courage was high, and whose dashing affair at Worcester had as much inspirited the King's troops, as it had disheartened his adversaries. Many deserters had come over to the King's side; and they brought word that, as soon as the armies approached nearer to each other, many more would join the royal cause.

Shortly afterwards the whole army was put in motion, the King having determined to give the enemy battle when he could find him, and the army being in good courage, and well prepared, with the exception of the defective appointment of their arms; a good many of the infantry, in fact, had no better weapons than cudgels and pitchforks,—a circumstance which made a great difference when they came into action. Had the Conservatives of the seventeenth century (men who loved their property, like Mr. Froggart, I mean) done their duty in equipping the King's troops, the civil war might have been terminated in a single battle.

The movements of the two armies were neither very ably concerted nor very skilfully executed.

England had long been at peace ; her arms had rusted for want of use ; and her military skill was not of the highest order. Happily she was left to fight out her own battles.

The army under Lord Essex left Worcester soon after the King marched from Shrewsbury ; and it is remarkable that—so little were the usual modes of gaining intelligence known or practised—the two armies marched in parallel lines within six miles of each other, without either of them being aware of the vicinity of the other.

It was on the afternoon of October 23d when they met at Edgehill, near Banbury. The day was as fair as the season of the year could yield ; the sun was clear, not a cloud appearing, and a sharp wind blowing from the north. The King immediately resolved on an engagement. Prince Rupert at the head of the right wing made a gallant charge on the enemy's cavalry, who discharged their carbines and fled ; and some, it is said, never drew rein till they got to London. The same success attended Mr. Wilmot on the left. The King's body of reserve, under Sir John Biron, judging, like raw soldiers, that the battle was won, and impatient to have some share in the action, heedlessly followed in the chase ; and finding no opposition, joined the others in plundering the enemy's baggage-wagons, which were in the rear ; whereupon Sir William Balfour, who commanded the reserve of the parliamentarian horse, wheeled about upon the King's main body of infantry, and, after encountering a stout resistance, at last broke it, and made great havoc amongst the ill-armed troops, and mortally wounded Lord Lindsay, the King's general. The king himself,

with his two sons, was nearly made prisoner; the royal standard was taken, but afterwards recovered. Such was the posture of affairs in which Prince Rupert found the main body of the army, on returning from the pursuit with his straggling squadrons. Everything bore the appearance of a defeat, instead of the victory which he had promised to himself.

Many advised the King to leave the field, and provide for his safety; but he refused to desert his troops. The remains of the two armies faced each other for some time; but neither renewed the attack.

"In the doubt of all sides," says Clarendon, "the night—the common friend to weary and dismayed armies,—separated them." It was a chill frosty night: a sharp northerly wind swept over the hills; and there was not a hedge to shelter the miserable remains of the hostile bodies. Both parties were very wretched and dispirited, and began, for the first time, to feel what war really was. All night they lay under arms, very ill supplied with what they most required, many of them not having tasted food for eight-and-forty hours. Others, being clad in cold iron armor, felt a death-like chill curdling their blood, and were obliged to walk about all night to keep up the circulation in their veins. The next morning found them still on the same ground in sight of each other. General as well as soldier, on both sides, seemed unwilling to renew the attack. At length, late in the day, they drew off simultaneously; Essex retiring with his army to Warwick; the king taking up his former quarters at Edgcot. Five thousand men, it is said, were left dead or dying on the field of battle; and the loss of each army, as far as could be judged by the

opposite accounts, was about equal. It was observed, that the greatest slaughter on the rebel side was of such as ran away, and on the King's side of those who stood to their ranks.*

But what, in this sad conflict, was the conduct and what the fate of our hero? Let any one conceive what must have been the feelings of a high-minded, humane, and religious man, like Henry Archbold, when he found himself, for the first time, about to engage in mortal strife with his own countrymen. Being perfectly free from fear, he had little apprehension on his own account. He placed his life in God's hands, mentally offering up a silent prayer. "Lord, if I forget Thee in the hour of battle, do Thou not forget me."† Yet it was with a feeling of strong reluctance that he unsheathed his sword, which was to be imbrued in the blood of those whom he regarded as brethren.

However, the shock of actual conflict soon dispelled into air all such feelings as these. Archbold and his comrades charged gallantly with Prince Rupert. Three or four of them were unhorsed by the discharge of the enemies' carbines. Archbold and the rest, their blood up and their spirit roused, galloped on, hacking and hewing their discomfited opponents right and left, until the trumpet sounded to summon them back, when, to their disappointment, they found the king's army in the condition which we have described. Four only of the Lichfield troop were missing at the

* Ludlow's Memoirs.

† A similar prayer is recorded to have been uttered by Sir Jacob (afterwards Lord) Astley, who served under the King at Edgehill.

muster. John Fradly had been shot through the head in the first charge. Richard Quinton had his horse killed under him, and was galloped over several times by friend as well as foe, until at last his brains were knocked out. William Brocton being mounted unfortunately on a runaway horse, soon found himself in the midst of the enemy, one of whom, seeing a King's trooper close before him, drew a pistol and shot him dead through the back. The fate of poor Phil Holliday was the most remarkable. He was a fine cheerful jovial fellow—the life and spirit of the troop, and liked by every one. In the first charge he was laid low by a shot which broke his jaw, and inflicted a ghastly wound in his face; and, as he lay on the ground, he was stabbed by one of the enemy's foot-soldiers, whom he in vain resisted in his attempt to plunder and strip him. Naked and wounded, he lay all night in anguish, his life-blood gradually ebbing away, and must infallibly have perished, had not the chill frost stanchd his wounds, which were otherwise beyond the surgeon's skill.

Many lives are said to have been saved on that night in the same manner. About a month afterwards poor Holliday crawled back to Lichfield with scarcely a rag to cover him, reduced to a skeleton, and so utterly changed in appearance, his features so altered and disfigured, that his former friends would scarcely believe him to be the same man, who, a few weeks before, had left the town in the exuberance of health and spirits.

Such is civil war, and such was the result of the first battle between the contending parties,—*five thousand Englishmen stretched by each other's hand on the*

field of battle ! Alas, the day ! Five thousand once peaceful families deprived of fathers, husbands, brothers, or sons. The voice of woe and lamentation heard throughout the land ; nor were there wanting instances of sons and fathers fighting on different sides ; for friends and families were continually divided in opinions and interests during those fearful times. And for what was all this most unnatural strife ? It was because selfish and ambitious men would not obey their lawful sovereign, and because ungodly fanatics would not hear the mild voice of God's most holy Church.*

The battle of Edgehill was a type of the whole war. For four long years the sturdy English fought with each other, contesting the ground inch by inch.

Sometimes the one party prevailed, and sometimes the other. Besides the military operations between the principal armies, each county, each town, nay almost each family, was divided against itself. The demon of strife was everywhere at work.

We must not forget to mention the fate of that worthy knight Sir Richard Dyott. Once mounted in his saddle, he could not forbear accompanying his son's troop to Edgehill. During the battle he kept near the King's person ; and when it was over, not considering that he could be of further service, he rode very coolly homeward, and put up at the Black Bull at Southam ; when, just as he was going very comfortably to bed, a troop of the enemy's horse, who were on their route, marched into the inn, and making him prisoner, carried him with them to Coventry,

* This is the generally supposed number. Some writers, however, from inquiries made on the spot, calculate it as lower.

and lodged him in the Marshalsea. Here, to his surprise, he was soon after found by his old friend the Precentor, who, by some chance of war, had fallen into the enemy's hands after the battle of Edgehill.

Archbold marched with the King's army to Oxford: he was afterwards at the siege of Reading, and was amongst the troops which were pushed on to Brentford, the nearest point to London to which the King approached.

He soon became accustomed to his new duties, and distinguished himself on several occasions. In truth, Henry was just the man to make a good soldier, being brave as a lion, and at the same time prompt and sagacious: his merits were marked by his superiors in command, and pointed him out as a fit man to be employed on services when a good head as well as a strong arm was required.

CHAPTER V.

"Fair city ! lift, with conscious glory crown'd,
The spiry structures of thy Mercian state ;
Whilst History bids her ancient trump resound,
How War, in wrath, unbarr'd thy blood stain'd gate."
STEVENS.

THE SURPRISE.

DURING the winter, while Henry was with the army, he received several communications from his father, giving a satisfactory account of the health of his friends, but containing certain dark and mysterious allusions with regard to something likely to take place, which Henry could not make out. His father usually wrote in a plain, straightforward way ; but there was evidently in his last letter something kept back, which he did not like to mention. At last his doubts were cleared up by the following letter :

"For Mr. Henry Archbold, of the Lichfield troop,
at Oxford, or elsewhere, these.

"DEAR SON,

"Joyful news!—joyful news! the King's flag is waving on the top of the great steeple, and the rascally roundheads are sent packing out of the town.

"But I must tell you how all this happened from the beginning. You must know that we have been in a sad strait of late. With Sir John Gell in the

garrison at Derby, and Lord Brooke at Warwick, we have been placed between two fires. A troop of parliamentary rebels came here from Derby about three weeks ago, and searched all the houses in the Close for arms and money; fortunately all mine was gone to the King, so they did not get much from me; but they plundered the deanery and canon's houses. But what do you think of old Froggat? You know we could only get twenty-five pounds from him for the King, which he declared was all he had in the world; though I know from certain authority that he paid the same sum to Drafgate for the Parliament. However, when the troopers were here, some kind neighbor told them that old Froggat had been burying money in his garden; and, sure enough, there they found more than six hundred gold pieces in an earthen pot; and I believe there was more left behind, if they could have come at it. However, they took away all they could find, without giving him back a shilling for good luck. Before they went away they enlisted about a dozen rogues, M'Rorer among the rest, and took them with them to Derby, which was a good riddance; so that, on the whole, I am not sure whether they did not do us more good than harm by their visit.

"A few days after this, old Sir Richard and the Precentor came back from Coventry. The former was looking sadly out of flesh, and complained bitterly of the gaol-allowance at the Marshalsea. He said that as they put him in prison for nothing, he would give them some cause for it another time; and he began to say we could not do better than seize Lichfield Close, and garrison it for the King. I wished very

much to have told you of this before, and to have had your advice about it, as I hear you are become a good soldier ; but durst not write, for fear the letter should be intercepted. We fixed last Wednesday night for the plan. There were about twenty of us in the Close ; and we got in as many more from the town, who could be trusted, bringing them in by twos and threes, and lodging them in the different houses. There were three Dyotts, Taylor, and John Millington, and Harry Baker, and Mr. Humphrey Thornton the chirurgeon (perhaps he will be useful some day), and Robinson the saddler, and Richard and George and John Mason, and Will Lamb the smith, and Morris and Bowring the farriers, and Philip Unitt, and Newth the glazier (we have made him drummer). Well, we set twenty men at each gate in the night, so that none but friends could come in ; and early in the morning, at day-break, there came about fifty men from the neighborhood—Orme of Haunch Hall, with four servants armed, and Humphrey Slugard, and Adderley of Uttoxeter, and Crab Warner (I rather wish he had not come, for his sour face is apt to set one's teeth on edge), and Rugely of Dunton Hall, and Underhill of Oxhill, son of Sir Hercules, and Bracebridge of Curdworth, and Sprott of Ashmore Brook : all of them brought servants with them, armed, between forty and fifty all together. Soon after, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Richard Bagot came in from Blithfield with twenty more ; so we mustered almost a hundred ; and as soon as they were in, we hoisted the King's flag on the great steeple, and set all the bells a-ringing. We were but just in time ; for the roundheads had got some scent of what we were

about, and a great body of them came that day from Derby ; but when they found the gates shut, and that we were quite ready for them, they went back again. The next day Lord Chesterfield, with thirty men, marched in from Bretby, and some more have come in since, I suppose one hundred and fifty in all ; and a good many have brought their wives and families with them, to save them from being plundered by the roundheads.

" We are trying to get in all the ammunition and provisions we can, for at present we have not enough for three days. I have had all the corn and bacon brought from the farm ; half of it I have given to the garrison, the other half I have kept. The office is choke full of bags. If the garrison want it, as I dare say they will, they are quite welcome to it all. Roger Woodward and the team work every day at the fortification. Dr. Arnway is still in residence,—indeed he has no where else to go, for they have plundered his parsonage at Hodnet. Mr. Morley and Catharine are well in health, but sorrowful : the townspeople disturb the service very much. God knows how all these things will end. We must determine to do our duty for our King and country, come what may. Let us pray for the best, and hope to meet again in peace when these sad troubles are over.

" Be assured I am, and will be,

" Your loving father,

" JOHN ARCHBOLD.

" Given at his Majesty's garrison at Lichfield,
this — day of February, 1643."

Soon after the receipt of this letter, Henry was sum-

moned to the head-quarters of General Ruthven. "Mr. Archbold," said the general, "it is the King's pleasure that you should go on his service." Archbold bowed low, expecting the general's further commands. "You have heard, probably, that Lichfield is garrisoned by the friends of the King. I understand it is your native place." Archbold said that he had heard recently from Lichfield; and detailed to the general the few particulars which he had learned from his father's letter. The general looked thoughtful for a moment: "Lichfield Close," said he, "well garrisoned and provisioned, might easily hold out against the rebels; but full of women and civilians, instead of soldiers, I know not how it may fare. There has been, I fear, more zeal than discretion in this business. However, we must make the best of what has happened. It is important for the King's service that Lichfield should be kept, if possible. It is told me that you are well thought of, and have considerable influence amongst the people of that place; and from what we know of you here, we count much on your courage and prudence. The King himself has spoken of you. It is his wish that you should go with despatches to Lord Chesterfield, who commands the garrison, and should use your utmost diligence to induce the people to send in supplies, and to volunteer as soldiers to the garrison. The only fear is, that Lord Brooke, with the troops from Warwick, will be there before you. There is no time to be lost. The King depends on your zeal and diligence; you are to take thirty men with you, and here is your lieutenant's commission."

Archbold's heart beat high within him as he received the despatches from the general, together with his

commission. He felt that no slight honor had been conferred on him in selecting him for this service, and he resolved to perform it punctually and faithfully. Other thoughts, too, rushed across his mind, at the prospect of again seeing his home. To return to his dear friends was full of joy ; but how sad to think that they were about to be exposed to all the horrors of a siege ! How impossible is it for those who live in peace to conceive the painful emotions which must accompany such times of trouble and disaster !

It was on the afternoon of the following day that Archbold and his companions, having ridden hard, drew in their rein, in order to breathe their horses, beside a small lake or pool in the old oak forest of Sutton, having been obliged to make a detour in order to avoid the disaffected town of Bromicham. They had travelled rapidly since break of day, and had still seven or eight miles of their journey to accomplish. After winding for some time through a somewhat intricate path, which from the boggy nature of the soil required great circumspection, lest horse and rider might suddenly be engulfed, they came upon the main road which led to Lichfield, and became immediately aware, from the tracks of horse-hoofs and wheels, that a considerable body of troops had recently passed that way.

"I fear we are too late," said Archbold. "The roundheads are before us, Glasier—that is plain."

"They cannot have passed many hours," said his companion. "It is the track of this morning ; for the rain which fell last night would have washed it out, if it had been made sooner."

Archbold looked more carefully at the track. "This is no handful of men; and they have some heavy pieces with them," said he, pointing at the deep ruts. "Poor Lichfield, I fear thou wilt have some rough work! I only wish we had two hundred of Prince Rupert's horse to charge the rebels in the rear."

They rode on for several miles; but with caution, lest they should get too near the body of the enemy; until, on approaching within half a mile of Lichfield, they ascended an eminence, from which, in more quiet times, Archbold had often looked down with a sort of proud admiration on his native city. The scene which lay before them was one of surpassing beauty. There lay the peaceful city clustered round its triple spires, which towered above the rest, and from their graceful dignity well deserved the name by which they have been designated—the "Ladies of the Vale." They looked, as usual, the emblem of calm repose, save that on the present occasion a red flag waved on the highest spire, seeming to bid defiance to the approaching enemy. The city-walls too, where they could be distinguished amongst the gardens and orchards, showed marks of recent repairs, and, contrary to custom, the old gates—which for many a long year had swung uselessly on their hinges—were now closed and barred. Half-way between the city and the place where Archbold and his companions stood appeared the troops of the rebels. They were drawn up in close order, and engaged apparently in some religious service; for as Henry and his companions gazed upon them, a sound went up from the assembled host as of a solemn psalm, and they could distinctly hear the voice of the multitude as it was borne upon the breeze,

though the precise nature of their service was not discernible.

"Hark to the hypocritical psalm-singing rascals," said Glasier.

"I wish they had less hypocrisy, and our own soldiers more religion," said Archbold, gravely.

As they spoke the sound of horse-hoofs was heard, and a trooper, whom Archbold had left behind, came riding up to announce that a large body of the enemy was in their rear.

"We must make for the Roman road," said Archbold, "and get to Lichfield by Mabel Hayes;" and so saying, he wheeled his troop round, to put his intention into effect. But they were not destined to accomplish their object unopposed. The enemy seeing a small troop of royalists, whom they knew by their red scarfs, had hastened their pace, and before Archbold could get to the Watling Street road, a body of fifty or sixty men had intercepted them, and these were followed at the distance of half a mile by another squadron of about equal numbers.

"We must break through them," said Archbold, "and make for the street road; take the right hand turn, and there halt and form across the lane. Now, my men, keep well together:—on—charge!"

The stout burghers of Warwick, of whom the hostile body consisted, had no notion of giving way before an inferior force. Archbold, however, had every advantage except that of numbers. He charged down a gentle declivity, his horses were in better breath from their halt, and his men were well trained in the management of their arms and horses. The round-heads being recently levied, and not much accus-

ed to war, were no match for Prince Rupert's troopers. The shock, however, was severe; several of the rebels were cut down, or unhorsed; the rest gave way on each side; and Archbold, not stopping to improve his advantage, as he might have done, had not the second body of the enemy been close upon him, got his troop to the street road without the loss of a man, two only having received slight wounds.

The last of the royalists had scarcely got to the lane, when the second troop of the enemy came up, expecting to find them in disorder, and to charge them in the rear; but were somewhat disappointed to see them drawn up, about a hundred yards down the road, in a compact body, five deep, occupying the whole space, so that they could not be surrounded, for the ground was enclosed on both sides, and the superiority of the enemy's number was of no advantage to them. They looked at each other for a few minutes, and then the rebels drew off to join the main body, and Archbold with his troop resumed his way leisurely. It was evidently impossible for him to approach Lichfield on the south side, on account of the rebel army which lay between them and the city: being, therefore, perfectly acquainted with the country, he fetched a compass and crossed the marsh at Mabel Hayes. This circuit occupied of necessity a considerable space of time. Meanwhile the booming of the cannons which struck their ears told them that the attack on the town had already commenced. It was a melancholy and bitter sound to Archbold and those amongst his troop who had left friends behind them in the city; but anxiety to reach their destination caused them only to apply the spur more vigorously to the reeking flanks of their horses.

At length they accomplished their object, and arrived at an ancient cross at the north side of the city, and thence marched in good order up the street which led to the Barbican, or western gate of the Close.

Here they met the royalist troops in full retreat; a mixed multitude of soldiers and citizens, men, women, and children, were hurrying in wild confusion over Bishop Langton's causeway.

The royalists had at first thought of defending the town against the enemy; but when they saw their force, and the power of artillery which they brought to bear upon their old mouldering walls and rotten gates, the extent of circuit which they had to defend, and the small number of troops which they had to man the walls, it was evident the town was untenable; and being unwilling to expose the inhabitants to the sufferings to which they must be subjected, if the town were taken by storm, Lord Chesterfield drew off his forces into the fortress, and sent a flag of truce to deliver up the town.

It was a strange scene which Henry witnessed when he entered with the press into the Close of Lichfield. The sacred enclosure, which had hitherto been considered holy ground, was now converted into a warlike garrison. The open space before the west front was filled with a mixed mass of baggage and baggage-wagons, horses tethered, cattle lowing. The most respectable families of the town were standing in groups, unable to find any accommodation, now that they had taken refuge in the fortress. Then again, there were wounded soldiers, townsmen whose names were well known, brought in by their com-

rades, which gave a melancholy interest to the scene. The canons' houses were full of officers, who were quartered there, and the families of the neighboring gentry; the Cathedral itself was converted into barracks for the soldiers, and their horses were littered down in the aisle.

After much difficulty and inquiry, Archbold at length found out his father, whom he scarcely knew, so much was he metamorphosed. Instead of his usual grave suit of black, Mr. Archbold had got on a buff coat, with a bandalier strapped round his shoulder, and a musket in his hand, while a large pair of boots encased his legs. However, this was no time for laughing. Archbold learned from him that Mr. Morley and Catharine were not in the Close; nor was his father able to give any intelligence about them, so sudden and unexpected had been the attack.

CHAPTER VI

“Fanatic Brooke
The fair Cathedral spoiled and took :
But, thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.”
SCOTT'S *Marmion*.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE.

THE night was spent by some in busy preparation ; by others in a state of restless discomfort and terror, which those only can conceive who have been suddenly awakened from a state of comparative peacefulness to the actual miseries of civil war. Whole families who but yesterday lived in comfort or even luxury, now deemed themselves fortunate if they could obtain the shelter of some narrow room to shield them from the bitter night-air, or some portion of coarse food to satisfy the cravings of nature. Children clung in terror to their parents, to whom they had hitherto looked for sure protection ; and those parents were little able to console them, being themselves full of apprehension for what the morrow might bring. Alas ! few eyes, save those of the hardy soldier accustomed to such scenes, were closed in sleep that fearful night.

On the following morning, being the 2d of March,

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the siege of Lichfield Close commenced. It is a remarkable fact, much spoken of by the historians and divines of the time, that this was the anniversary festival of the patron, St. Chad. The fact, perhaps, would not have been noticed but for the circumstances which occurred,—circumstances which the careless and irreligious will, perhaps, set down to mere chance, but which serious-minded men have regarded as strong indications of the overruling providence of God.

The commander of the rebel force was Robert Lord Brooke, a man of great account amongst the Puritans by reason of his high birth and influence, as well as for his well-known integrity and sincerity. Even those who abhorred his principles spoke well of his character. "They who were acquainted with him," says Clarendon, "believed him to be well-natured and just, and rather seduced and corrupted in his understanding than perverse and malicious." Through the influence of one of his near relatives, and some schismatical preachers, he had become strangely tainted with sectarian or dissenting principles, and was so great a zealot against the Church, that no less than the utter extirpation of Episcopacy, and abolishing all decent order in the service of God would satisfy him.

With these views he had been the chief instigator of the attack upon Lichfield; one of his avowed objects being the destruction of the ancient Cathedral. Strange that an earnest-minded man should so mistake the spirit of true religion, as to suppose that God could be served by the destruction or desecration of his holy temple! But when the minds of men are

once diverted from that holy and reverent temper which characterizes the true servant of God, and when they refuse obedience to the lawful requirements of the holy Church, there is no deed of violence to which Satan will not lead them. Sectarianism and dissent, begun in fancied scruples of conscience, and continued in wilfulness and pride, are ever ready to hurry men on to the destruction of that Church which they have disobeyed and deserted; and following their own passionate will, which they suppose to be the dictate of conscience or the impulse of the Holy Spirit, they are found on the side of blasphemers and the enemies of God. We shrink with aversion from the superstition of Rome, and justly condemn her errors; but have there not been in her communion many holy men, many true Christians, who, dark though their creed might be, did in practice honor God with their substance, and most piously devote their skill and resources to the erection of those magnificent structures which are spread throughout our land? Have there not been many who will rise up in the judgment and condemn those violent, self-willed, irreverent fanatics, who, while they proudly boast a purer creed, have dared to lay their impious hands on the pious offerings of their forefathers?

When the rebel army had approached near the city, on the foregoing day, Lord Brooke drew up his forces, and addressed to them a solemn exhortation, and begged a blessing on his intended work, devoutly praying that God would by *some special token manifest unto them His approbation of that their design*. And afterwards the whole army had joined in that solemn but much-perverted psalm of David, so common in the mouth of the Puritans of those days:

"Lift up your voice, ye saints, and sing
The praises of the Lord;
And in your hands unsheathed bring
The sharp two-edged sword.

To smite the heathen, and correct
The people with your hands,
To bind their stately kings in chains,
Their lords in iron bands;

To execute on them the doom
That written was before:
This honor all the saints shall have;
Praise ye the Lord therefore."

This was the solemn, but most blasphemous and fanatical worship in which the rebel army had been engaged when Archbold first saw them on the preceding day. Immediately after this psalm, they marched down upon the town with much fury, and having burst open the gate with their cannon, would have stormed it at once but for the withdrawal of the troops, upon which they marched into the town without resistance, and took up free quarters in the houses of the inhabitants.

The town of Lichfield was separated from the Close by a long pool or morass, traversed by two causeways, which, if the fortress was attacked on that side, must be passed before arriving at the gates. Inspired by the successes of the day before, Lord Brooke planted his guns against the southern gates of the fortress, which faced the causeway on the east end, hoping to effect a breach and march in without difficulty. The royalists, on their side, had not been backward in making preparation for defence. Mounds had been thrown up in the gardens between the Cathedral and the pool; the old houses had been pierced with loop-holes and embrasures; and the bastions of the south gates, and the battlements of the Lady Cha-

pel, had been lined with musketeers and marksmen, who were protected partly by the battlements, partly by woolsacks carried up to the roofs of the buildings for that purpose. Drakes* also had been mounted on the great spire of the Cathedral: so that a destructive fire might be directed from these different points on any body of troops advancing from the causeway. What the little garrison wanted in numbers, they made up in courage and determination; and though much impeded in their operation by the crowds of persons who had taken refuge in the Close, they resolved to defend it to the last.

The attack commenced early in the day; the assailants having brought their heavy artillery as near as they were able, and opening their fire upon the fortress.

The royalists, under cover of their guns, made a vigorous sally from the south gate, and captured a large piece of ordnance, called, "Black Bess;" but they were overpowered by numbers, the town being full of rebel troops, and obliged to draw off again into the Close without their prize, and content themselves with annoying the besiegers by their fire from the battlements. For some time this mode of attack and defence went on without any decided advantage to either party. In truth, the art of engineering, and of war in general, was so little understood at the beginning of the great rebellion, that two parties, with a thick wall and a pool of water between them, might have gone on for months without inflicting on each other any serious damage.

However, in this siege it was ordered otherwise.

* Long iron guns.

On the battlements, immediately under the great spire, was a group of three persons, who attracted the attention of the besiegers, and from their commanding position were able to annoy the gunners of the enemy by firing upon them over the breastwork. Two of them were Archbold and Glasier; the third was a brother of Sir Richard Dyott, commonly called "Dumb Dyott," having been deaf and dumb from his birth. This gentleman, notwithstanding his misfortune, entered most zealously into the cause which his family had embraced, and from his skill as a marksman was of no inconsiderable service on the present occasion.

"Our friend Dyott has the best of it in the midst of this din," said Archbold to his companion; "he is as cool as if he were shooting ducks on Swinfen pool on a frosty night. I verily believe he never heard that rattling shot which just struck the great spire behind him."

At this moment, a knight, armed cap-a-pie, came out of one of the houses in the street below to give orders to the gunners. He was evidently a man of distinction. He had on a plush cassock, with plate-armor, and wore a plumed helmet of steel, which had five bars of gilt steel in front, and a chaplet of laurel for his crest.

"Look!—see, who is that?" said Glasier.

"It is the fanatic Brooke himself," answered Archbold; "I know him by his helmet. Mark! he observes us, and is pointing to us with his hand: see, he raises his visor to mark more plainly."

At this moment Dyott fired.

"Ha! he is hit!—he is down!" exclaimed both at once. "Well done, Dyott! you have killed the general."

Instantly a cry was raised, that the rebel chief was slain. The shout rang from battlement to battlement, and was taken up by the assembled crowd below, and the interior of the Cathedral itself resounded with a cry of triumph.

It was indeed most true that the rebel chief was slain. He who had desired a sign from heaven in approval of his enterprise, and had prayed that his eyes might see the destruction of God's temple, might be almost said to have received the sign he desired; the shot entered his brain through his right eye, and he died on the spot. A great consternation was spread amongst the besiegers by this most fatal occurrence. The firing immediately ceased. The guns were drawn off; a council of war was held; and an express sent off to the Parliament in London.

Archbold and Glasier led the victorious hero, Dumb Dyott, down, and presented him to the governor, amidst the shouts of the garrison,—as David was presented to Saul, when he had slain the giant of Gath.

Thus fell Robert Lord Brooke; a man much esteemed by his party, especially by the more violent of them, and those who were averse to peace, because they knew that he would never compromise his principles. He was, in fact, as he has been described by the writers of those days, "a sincere, thorough-going fanatic." In a speech made to the troops at Warwick, not long previously to these events, he is reported to have said, "that he approved of such men as would piously have sacrificed their own fathers at the command of both Houses of Parliament."

Lord Brooke was a melancholy instance of the length to which self-will and wrong-headedness will

carry even a well-intentioned man ; and proves to all schismatics, sectarians, and dissenters, how utterly valueless is the plea of conscience, to excuse enmity against God's Church, if they have not taken heed that their conscience shall be well informed, and aided by the grace of God. We know that, in ancient days, men have thought they did God service, when they slew the apostles. No wonder that others in these later times should persuade themselves, like this ill-fated rebel, that they act conscientiously in opposing God's holy Church, and fruitlessly seeking its destruction.

The death of Lord Brooke made a great noise in England at the time, and was considered by most writers of that age as a clear omen of God's displeasure against the attempt which he was making. Others took the view, which, no doubt, will be preferred by the present sceptical and sadducean generation—that it was a mere chance. But the Christian knows that nothing comes by chance—not a sparrow falleth to the ground without God's permission ; and though, perhaps, he will not venture to pronounce what might be God's intention in so signal a judgment, he will regard it with awe, as no obscure intimation that the way of the rebel leader was not right before God. We are forbidden to look upon those eighteen persons who were crushed beneath the ruins of the tower of Siloam as sinners beyond the rest of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. It does not appear that they were engaged in the destruction of a holy edifice consecrated to the Lord, or that they had presumptuously demanded a sign from heaven. Therefore their death, however lamentable, must not be looked on as any proof of

their peculiar sin. But when at the commencement of a great struggle of principles, a distinguished enemy of the Church, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against her, openly boasts that he will lay her holy places low, and demands that God will give some sign of His approval, then the shot which stopped his mad career, accompanied as it was by many marked circumstances, may well seem to a reverent mind as sure an evidence of God's judgment, as when the smooth pebble from the sling of David sank into the forehead of the giant of Gath; or the arrow, shot at a venture, was guided by the hand of God, and smote the unrighteous Ahab between the joints of his harness.

NOTE.—The following is an extract from South's Sermons, on the text, "God hath loved the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

"Nor is that instance to be passed over of a commander in the parliamentary army, who coming to rifle and deface the Cathedral at Lichfield, solemnly, at the head of his troops, begged of God to show some remarkable token of His approbation or dislike of the work they were going about. Immediately after which he was shot in the forehead by a deaf and dumb man; and this was on St. Chad's day, the name of which saint that church bare, being dedicated to God in memory of the same: where we see that as he asked of God a sign, so God gave him one in the forehead, and that with such a mark as he is like to be known by all posterity." South's Sermons, vol. i. p. 185. See also Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii. p. 455. Mercurius Aulicus, p. 115. Dugdale's View of the late Troubles in England, p. 117. Archbishop Laud's Diary, p. 65. Rushworth's Collections, vol. v. p. 148. Dr. Heylin also mentions that on the previous Sunday, at Coventry, Lord Brooke ordered his chaplain to preach on the text, "If I perish, I perish." And it is remarkable that one of Lord Brooke's principal objections to the Liturgy was the petition to be delivered from "sudden death."

See also Appendix, note C.

CHAPTER VII

"Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night * * * *
Assist me."

YOUNG.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE.

WHEN the enthusiasm of the moment was over, Archbold again ascended to his lofty station on the battlements, not to renew the engagement, for the assailants had drawn off their forces, but with a far different object. The elevated position which he occupied commanded a full view of the town and the surrounding country. But Archbold looked not at the scene below him, nor around him: he regarded not the havoc made by the artillery on the town, or on the spire and battlements of the Cathedral; but his eyes rested on the Church of St. Chad's, and the little group of houses which were a few furlongs distant across the meadows. There they lay, reflected in the glassy surface of the pool. The mill-wheel, which generally enlivened the scene with its cheerful motion, had stopped; the willows bent over the pool in drooping loneliness; and of the groups of children from the adjacent city, which might commonly have been strolling round the margin of the pool in cheerful sport, not one was now to be seen. All was

deserted by both friend and foe ; the whole attention of the besiegers during the day having been directed to the south gate of the fortress, and their forces having been waiting under arms to storm it, if a breach could have been effected.

Often during the day had the eyes of Archbold been directed to the spot where it was possible the object of his dearest thoughts might yet remain. Once he had almost thought he had seen Mr. Morley and his daughter come out from their house into the garden ; but it was only for a moment ; and the distance was too great for him to distinguish plainly. Henry's heart was full of deep anxiety. What was the fate of his beloved Catharine ? Had she taken refuge in the town ? or was she still at her home ? He well knew that, though the enemy had not apparently as yet taken possession of that point, yet that being baffled in their attack upon the south gate, they would, in all probability, during the night, or on the next day, extend their forces round the Cathedral, and occupy the church and houses at St. Chad's. A sudden thought struck him. Could he not, now that the engagement was over, obtain permission to sally forth with his little band, and bring away Mr. Morley and Catharine ? But then where could he take her ? The Close was no place of safety. The besiegers would certainly renew the attack ; and even should they not succeed in taking it, yet those who were within would be exposed to imminent peril from their shots, and to still greater danger if the place were taken by storm.

As he was thus pondering in his mind what course he should pursue, he observed a considerable body of

the enemy's soldiers leave the town by way of the Moat-hall in the direction of St. Chad's, and winding round the head of the pool, take possession of the mill and church and little knot of houses. No one, of course, opposed them: they were evidently sent there for quarters, and in order to secure the position. It was now too late to attempt to bring Catharine into the Close, even had it been desirable before. He earnestly prayed that they might have escaped, and reached some place of safety. It was now nearly sunset; and Henry was about to descend with a heavy heart from his station, when his attention was again arrested by a movement in the quarter upon which he was looking. He saw a patrol of soldiers leave St. Chad's in the direction of the town, apparently leading with them a prisoner. Archbold was in an agony of despair. What could be the meaning of this proceeding? Could it be that they had separated Mr. Morley from his daughter? and if so, for what purpose? Oh, that he were on the spot to defend his beloved from the spoilers or the assassins! The most horrible thoughts crowded on his mind, and drove him almost frantic.

The sun had now sunk beneath the horizon, and he was still straining his eyes, in the hope of seeing some object through the gathering darkness, which might convey a gleam of hope, when he heard a step ascending the stone staircase of the tower, and his friend Glasier stood before him.

"I thought I should find you here," said he. "Your thoughts, I see, are wandering to St. Chad's. I have been making inquiry amongst the townspeople who have come in here, and not one of them had

seen Mr. Morley or his daughter in the town. I hope, therefore, they got away before the roundheads came."

"Alas!" said Henry, "if she is not in the town, she is yet at her father's house. I know Mr. Morley's resolution to stand at his post, unless forced to quit it; and I am sure that Catharine would never leave her father."

He then detailed to his friend what he had observed from the battlements, and told him that he was resolved to make an attempt to ascertain what was her situation, and, if possible, to rescue her from the hands of the rebels. Glasier saw that it was needless to attempt to dissuade Archbold from his purpose; nor indeed was he the man to do so, but, on the contrary, entered heartily into his scheme, and offered to accompany him, or to render him any assistance in his power.

"I know I may count on your help, my dear friend, and perhaps I may want it; but first, I will try what I can do myself,—at least, in the way of seeing how the land lies. We must have an order from Lord Chesterfield to let us out at the south postern. I will get Sir Richard to speak to him."

"You will not be able to leave the Close, I fear, either by the south or west gate," said Glasier, "as the roundheads have placed guards upon both."

"No matter," said Archbold: "you and I have climbed over the battlements into the moat a hundred times when we were schoolboys; and I will try and put some of my school-learning in practice." So saying, he proceeded immediately to carry his scheme into execution. He went first to the lodgings of the

worthy knight, who, seeing him bent on his object, accompanied him to the governor, and obtained the requisite leave of absence. Having so far succeeded in his wish, Archbold was much more calm and satisfied. His spirit, which before was depressed with grief, now became exhilarated at the prospect of his enterprise; and, with the cool sagacity for which he was distinguished, he began to prepare everything to ensure the success of his enterprise. He went first to the great hall of the palace, where the officers who were not on duty were assembled at mess, and soon occupied himself on the remains of a baron of beef, which was placed on the table for all comers; for he had tasted no food since sunrise, and knew that he had a good night's work before him. Having taken the necessary refreshment, he went to his home, and divesting himself of his heavy corslet, put on a more convenient dress of a dark color, reloaded and primed his pistols, and took his trusty sword.

It was now eight o'clock; the night was pitch dark, and the wind boisterous, all which favored his enterprise. Everything being now prepared, Archbold, accompanied by his friend Glasier, went into the bishop's garden, where he found a sentinel pacing the battlements.

"I have an order to leave the fortress," said he, "and am going to climb down the bastion."

"I am afraid you will not be able, sir," said the sentinel, "for the rebels have posted their patrols along all this side;" and, as he spoke, they could hear distinctly the voice of the men at no great distance in the thick darkness before them.

This was a sad blow to Archbold's scheme, but did

not divert him from his purpose; only he was obliged to proceed with the greater caution. Fastening his coil of knotted ropes, therefore, to the stem of a tree in the angle formed by the wall and the projecting bastion, he silently raised himself to the top of the battlement, and being muscular and active, let himself down without difficulty to the bottom of the moat. The next thing was to climb the opposite bank, and pass the sentinel who was stationed upon it. The man seemed to have ceased pacing to and fro, as if his attention had been arrested; but, Archbold remaining quite still for a few minutes, he again resumed his walk. Henry watched each turn which the sentinel took, and gradually climbed the bank when he was at the furthest end of his beat. He had now reached the top of the moat, when the sentinel suddenly stopped within a few paces of the spot where he was; and Henry distinctly heard the click of the trigger as the soldier cocked his musket. Not a moment was to be lost. Springing suddenly on his feet, he seized the weapon, and endeavored to wrest it from the soldier's hand; but the man was strong, and not easily mastered. Henry, therefore, adroitly dashed open the pan of the musket; so that the priming was spilt, and then quitting his hold, sprang into the open meadows. The sentinel shouted loudly to his comrades for aid; but, long before they could render it, Archbold was far away across the fields. Being perfectly acquainted with the ground, though it was pitch dark, Henry skirted rapidly along the margin of the pool, and a few minutes brought him to St. Chad's. Here he was obliged to proceed more cautiously, in order to avoid observation and reconnoitre the position of the enemy.

The old church was full of lights. As he drew near, he heard within it a loud voice, interrupted occasionally by the snorting of horses; and looking through the window, he saw, to his astonishment, Jonas M'Rorer, in a trooper's uniform, occupying the pulpit and haranguing the soldiers who were stretched on the straw, some taking their meal, some sleeping and some listening. Henry could only distinguish a few words of the speaker. "Down with the Amalekites!—smite them hip and thigh!—lay waste the house of Baal!"—exhortations which elicited a loud hum of applause from the uncouth congregation. Finding them so well employed, he withdrew from the window, and approached the house of Mr. Morley. The library, opening on a little garden, was occupied by several soldiers, who were sitting round a table with remains of food and jugs of ale before them. It was in great disorder, having evidently been plundered, the books and papers lying about on the ground in sad confusion. Henry glided silently round the house, and saw, to his satisfaction, a light in Catharine's window. It was in the second story, but not high from the ground. With anxious yet determined heart he climbed up by the creepers which clung to the buttress, and there found it as he indeed expected. Catharine was there alone, her hair dishevelled, kneeling with arms uplifted in attitude of prayer. He gazed a moment in admiration; but no time was to be lost.

"Catharine," he said, in a low but distinct voice.

"Ha, Henry!" said the kneeling girl, starting on her feet; "can that be you? God has indeed heard my prayers!"

"Hush! it is I," said Henry: "come nearer, and speak in a whisper."

She drew closer to him and grasped his hand. "Alas, Henry! they have taken away my father: know you what they have done with him?"

"I know not for certain: but are not you yourself in danger?"

"Yes, O yes! Even before my father's face have they insulted me. I have the most horrible fears. Oh, save me—save me!"

"You must descend, then, from the window, and I will protect you with my life. The house is full of soldiers. This is the only way of escape. Stay, throw something over you, for the night is cold."

Catharine quickly caught up a mantle with a hood; and, placing a chair at the window, stepped from it without hesitation.

"God be thanked!" said he, as he placed her gently on the turf, "we are safe so far."

Scarcely had they set foot on the ground, when the door of the church opened; and, by the glare from within, they discerned a man in an officer's dress come forth from the porch.

"Ah, that is he!" said Catharine: "save me—save me!"

"Let us stand back," said Henry, "and allow him to pass."

Archbold drew Catharine behind the shrubs, but not in time to avoid the observation of the soldier, who caught a glimpse of her dress.

"Who goes there?" said he, starting forward and grasping her wrist; but, at the same instant, Henry's sword descended with its full force on his head, on which he wore a light foraging cap, having divested himself of his helmet; and the rebel rolled senseless on the ground.

"Haste!" said Archbold; "we have not a moment to lose. The soldiers will probably be disturbed."

It was even as he said. The men in the parsonage came out with lights, and finding their commander lying apparently dead, rushed instantly into the church and gave the alarm, upon which the roundheads poured out in numbers to pursue the fugitives. Henry half led, half carried his fair charge along a dark lane, trusting for escape chiefly to his knowledge of the locality and the darkness of the night. Unfortunately four of the soldiers took the same direction and gained upon them. Henry strained every nerve to escape; and, as they approached nearer, he led his companion over a stile into the field by the side of the lane, and there leaving her for a moment, he drew forth his pistols, prepared to sell his life dearly, and defend her to the utmost. To his great relief, the pursuers continued their course along the lane which he had quitted, and were soon out of hearing.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Through the opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit some pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer."

YOUNG.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE CONTINUED.

AFTER a few minutes' rest, in order that she might recruit her strength, Catharine declared herself ready to proceed. "We need not walk so fast now," said Henry, "as I trust we have escaped immediate danger, and we have some distance yet to go." They continued to walk along the foot-path—a path which they had often traversed together in pleasant, peaceful days; but now, alas, how changed was everything!—until after half an hour's walking, they approached a small farm-house with out-buildings. Two dogs which were chained up in the yard, immediately began to bark loudly. "Down, Rolla! Ranger, down!" said Henry; and the setters, hearing the voice of their master, crouched down and gave a low whine of recognition. Henry with his companion crossed a small yard, and was surprised to find the door of the house ajar. He paused for a moment, and then passed the threshold cautiously; but all was dark and lonely, save a glowing light which proceeded from a

few embers smouldering on the hearth. These he raked together and fanned till they sent forth a flame, after which he lit a candle which he found on the table. It was now evident that several persons had lately been there. The room was in much confusion: fragments of food lay scattered on the table, and the whole place presented a marked difference from the clean and tidy appearance which it generally exhibited.

"Alas!" said Archbold, "I fear there is no place of safety. Plunderers have been here, and may be still prowling near us. We must be gone: but where to fly, or how to travel? Let us see if we can find the horses."

Requesting Catharine to remain for a few minutes where she was, he took up the lantern, and went to the stable. This also was open, and no horses were to be found; but in one of the stalls lay a man in a wagoner's frock; his clothes much torn, and his face covered with blood.

"Ah! good Roger," said Archbold, groaning bitterly, "what! have they killed thee in defending thy master's property? Villains! ruffians!"

Henry moved the lantern towards the bloody features of poor Roger, and was about to raise him from the ground, when Roger suddenly started up, looking wildly around, and seized a staff which lay near him, exclaiming—

"Hold off now, I say! you shan't have the horses; they're master's!"

Henry was rejoiced to see that his faithful servant was alive, though still stupified from his bruises; and soon made him understand who he was, and inquired

if he were much hurt. Roger stretched his limbs, and rubbed his head, and looked rather wofully at his bloody hands.

"Not much hurt, master," said he; "but I'm afeard they've got the horses. There were six on 'em—what could I do? I stood against them till they knocked the sense out of me with the butt-end of their guns. 'Tis well they did not knock the brains out o' my head for good."

However, Roger luckily had his brains entire, and a pretty good share of them for a countryman, as Archbold well knew. He therefore explained to him the circumstances under which Miss Morley and he had taken refuge at the farm, and his fears that it was too near the neighborhood for safety, and that Catharine must move farther off; but he knew not where to take her. Roger pondered for a moment and then said,—

"The best place I can think of is my father's cottage, the old lodge at Hopwas. It is a poor place, to be sure, for a lady; but it's out of the way, and that's what you look to most, I reckon."

"Good, Roger, good; but how shall we get her there?"

"There's grey Betsy in the field, if the roundheads have not taken her away: mistress can ride on her."

Archbold approved of Roger's plan; and as he had pledged himself to return to the garrison if possible that night, he resolved to entrust Catharine to trusty Roger's guidance; being confident that he could not commit her to a more honest defender. As he was explaining the plan to Catharine, a light step was heard cautiously descending the staircase which led

into the kitchen, and the good-humored and comely face of Peggy Woodward was seen peering into the kitchen. She had heard Archbold's voice, and had ventured from the hiding-place where she had concealed herself when the soldiers entered the house. With her aid Catharine was soon equipped in a plain russet gown, and furnished with such other apparel and necessities as suited her present condition. By this time Roger had brought the grey pony to the door, with a pillion on her back, and Catharine mounted for her journey.

In comparison with her condition a few hours before, her present circumstances were indeed most happy. But, alas! considered in themselves, they were sad and sorrowful. Her father separated from her and thrown into prison, subject, it might be, to insult and outrage; her lover exposed to a thousand perils; herself flying in a dark night to an uncertain place of refuge, not knowing what awaited her, or how long she might remain separated from her dear friends—enough of danger and sorrow remained to make her almost despair. Trusting, however, to the protection of Him who had already saved her from more imminent peril, she drove away desponding thoughts, and hoped for the best.

Henry could not bring himself to leave her until he had accompanied her a considerable distance on her journey, when, mindful of his duty, and after giving many charges to her guide, and many promises to Catharine that he would do all he could to insure her father's safety, he prepared to return; and the lovers, taking a tender farewell, and commending each other to the protection of Heaven, at last reluctantly separated.

The night was now far advanced. Archbold, conquering his grief, set forward towards the garrison with a quick step; and Catharine's safety being thus provided for, he addressed his thoughts to the prospect before him, and the best means of getting safe back to his post. The footpath, along which he walked, lay for a short distance by the side of the high-road from Derby, and Archbold's ear soon caught the sound of horses in the distance. Being anxious to learn the cause, and convey back what intelligence he was able, he stood still until the horses approached, and became aware of a very considerable body of troops, not less, as he conjectured, than five hundred men, partly horsemen and partly infantry, passing along the high-road, whom, from the few observations which he heard as they passed, he perceived to belong to the parliamentary army evidently on their march to Lichfield. This was no pleasant information, for the rebels in the town already far outnumbered the force in the garrison.

As soon as they had passed, Henry pursued the footpath, which now struck across the fields, and thinking to avoid the danger of an encounter with any of the soldiers who occupied St. Chad's, he made a short circuit by Gay Lane. But here, to his surprise, he found anything but the solitude he expected. Men were moving to and fro, and appeared busily engaged in making preparations for the next day's assault.

Henry climbed up a high bank into a garden overlooking the lane, from which he could discern what was going forward. As he stood, he felt a hand laid on his arm, and a low voice said, "Master Archbold,

is it you ?” Henry recognized the voice of Samson Shorthose, the occupier of the garden, whom he knew to be a staunch royalist.

“How came you here, Samson ?” said he in a whisper.

“I was not able to get into the garrison,” said the other, “on the day before yesterday, when they took the town : and I have kept close at home ever since : but it is no longer safe ; the roundheads are making search everywhere for the royalists, women and men and all ; and declare they will set them before them to-morrow, when they storm the Close, so that if the garrison fire, they shall kill their own friends. They are desperately hurt at the death of Lord Brooke. It was thought at first that they would have plundered the town, and gone back to Warwick. But some of the officers managed to keep them quiet, and now they swear they will hang Dumb Dyott at the top of the great spire. Captain Fox went post-haste to Derby for Sir John Gell, of Hopton ; and he is expected every hour, and more artillery from Coventry. It is said their intention is to begin by a feint at scaling the walls here on the north-east, and make the main attack at the west gate.”

“Is your intelligence sure ?” said Henry.

“It is what they talk of in the town.”

“However, it is well to be prepared for it.”

At this moment a party of men passed along the lane, carrying long ladders and planks, and coils of rope, which seemed to confirm Shorthose’s information, so far, at least, as related to the intended attempt to scale the Close on the north side.

"Shorthose," said Henry, "what say you to taking a journey to-night on the King's service?"

"I must take myself off somewhere before day-break," said the other; "and if I can serve the King, so much the better."

"Go, then, to Colonel Hastings, at Rushall," said Archbold, "and tell him what the enemy are about. Most likely you will find some friends in Rushall fort, who will vouch for you to be an honest man; as any one who knows you, I am sure will do. Tell Colonel Hastings, that if he would serve the King's cause, he will do well to have a troop of fifty or sixty men, or more if he can spare them, by about noon to-morrow, at the Cross-of-hands, and keep quiet until he sees a red flag hoisted on the Tantany spire; then let them charge up the Barbican Street. If the flag is not hoisted, he can draw off his men without being discovered."

Shorthose, delighted to be of use, promised Archbold to do exactly as he directed, and they parted.

The attention of the roundheads being engaged in their works, Archbold went down cautiously into the moat at the upper end, and crept along it until he came to the spot where his friend was patiently waiting his return, and got up without difficulty into the Close by the same means by which he had descended. "Thank God," said Henry, grasping his friend's hand, "I have got her off safe; I will tell you all about it presently. But now I must go to report to the governor what I have seen. We are like to have sharp work of it to-morrow; but I hope we shall match them yet."

Archbold went immediately to the governor's lodg-

ings. Poor Lord Chesterfield was suffering from a fit of the gout. However, he controlled his pain as well as he could, and listened patiently to all that Henry had to relate. His lordship pondered for a while, when he had heard the statement, and at last said, "Your information seems probable. 'Tis well we know their intentions, that we may be prepared to meet them. How sayest thou, Lieutenant Archbold? thou art a man of judgment, and knowest the locality, what steps shall we take?"

"So please you, my lord," said Henry, "I know every inch of the ground, and, with your lordship's permission, will state what appears to me to be the best means of meeting the attack."

Archbold then explained to the governor the exact nature of the ground, and the means which he thought likely to be most effectual to defeat the attempt which was meditated.

"Your plan is good," said his lordship; "I will take care that due preparations are made. Now, go and get some rest. We cannot do without your aid. An hour before sunrise you shall be summoned."

CHAPTER IX.

"O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE SORTIE.

It has often been boasted that the English character is less cruel and ferocious than that of other nations, and that in the great rebellion the contest was carried on between the King and Parliament with less of sanguinary violence and dishonorable perfidy than might have been expected from the length of the civil war, and the general equality of the contending parties. The civil war, it is imagined, was a good stand-up fight between the two parties; and those who were not actually engaged in it suffered comparatively little disturbance.

There may be some show of truth in these assertions. The English, at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, had long enjoyed the blessings of peace. Never, perhaps, was a country on the whole more happy and prosperous than England under the gentle sway of James the First, and the earlier years of the reign of Charles. The policy of James discouraged the resort of the nobles and gentry to the

metropolis; who, being thus saved from the temptation to squander their wealth in the vices and idle ostentation of a town-life, employed their means, and exerted their taste, in building spacious mansions on their paternal lands, improving their estates and neighborhood, and exercising a princely hospitality; and so they acquired that taste for a country-life, with its accompaniments of manly sports, and local duties and attachments, which distinguishes the English aristocracy from that of most other nations. Meanwhile, the arts of peace and civilisation were making rapid progress, and the English character was marked by that civility and humanity which long prosperity is wont to engender. Hence, when civil war broke out, though parties were much exasperated against each other, yet there was little of that bloodthirsty ferocity which too generally marks the struggles of rival factions. And even the continuance of the war did not quite obliterate the natural humanity of the combatants; though, it must be confessed, it went nigh to do so. We do not often read, however, of the wanton butchery of prisoners, or the application of torture to any great extent. The cruelty of the English soldiers did not go, in general, beyond turning whole families out of doors naked in the middle of the night; beating some of them so that they died of it; burning their fingers with lighted matches, in order to make them confess where they had concealed their property; chaining prisoners two by two, and placing them by fifty in small rooms, or under the hatches of ships, and keeping them there till many died from filth and suffocation. These things were of common occurrence; but, in general, not beyond these. To be sure, when

towns or castles were taken by storm, it sometimes happened that men, women, and children, were put to indiscriminate slaughter ; but these were occasions of mad excitement, when it could scarcely be expected that the officers of either party should be able to exercise any control over their troops ; and such things as these will always happen in every war. Generally speaking, the English did not become by their civil war absolute *fiends*, but only *savages* ; and the cruelties which they exercised were not beyond what might have been expected on the occasion. When poor Roger would not give up his master's horses, they did not cut his throat, or blow his brains out, or put him to the torture, as they might have done in France or Spain, but contented themselves with knocking him on the head with the butt-end of their muskets, and leaving him for dead. On the whole, it must be admitted that in peaceable times the English are a humane people, constitutionally averse to the shedding of blood ; and when they were plunged into the sin of rebellion, the deeds of violence committed were in some degree modified by the national character, though, it is to be feared, they were not very far less atrocious than in other countries. May God preserve this nation from future scenes of civil strife, in order that if we have any character for superior humanity we may keep it ! When evil passions are once roused, it is hard to say to what lengths of atrocity the spirit of man may be urged. If the times of which we are writing were indeed marked by somewhat less atrocity than the rebellions of France, or other countries, it must be considered that the nation was not in an absolutely demoralized state when the civil war began ;

and we can form no judgment from those times of the excesses to which the same nation might be carried, if civil strife were to rage amongst a dense and irreligious population.

The conduct of the rebels in their attack upon Lichfield Close, on the day which was now about to dawn, was certainly very contrary to that spirit of manliness and generosity, to which in general, perhaps, with justice, the English people may lay claim. The garrison was under arms before daybreak, and every preparation had been made to resist the attack of the enemy. As they anticipated, the assault was made from two quarters. A battery had been raised during the night on the north side ; and under cover of their guns, the assailants advanced with planks and scaling-ladders to raise against the wall. This, as Henry had learned, was intended as a feint, and with a view to draw off the troops of the garrison from the opposite quarter ; but the numbers of the enemy were quite sufficient to convert it into a real attack, if the besieged were slack in their defence. The royalists, however, stood bravely to their post, returning the fire of their opponents with interest, and rendering all hope of scaling the walls abortive. About an hour after this attempt had commenced, a movement was seen on the opposite side of the Close ; large bodies of the enemy appeared on Bishop Langton's causeway, which was commanded by the guns and musketry from the bastions of the west gate and the adjoining buildings. In order to protect themselves from the fire of the garrison, the parliamentary leaders had the baseness to place between each file of soldiers the wives, daughters, servants, appren-

tices, and friends of the royalists, who had been left behind in the town ; so that it was impossible for those within the Close to fire upon the assailants who advanced along the causeway without endangering the lives of their friends and relations. In this manner the enemy's troops poured in numbers from the town, bringing with them a mixed multitude of defenceless persons. Amongst the poor townspeople who were thus forced along by the soldiers, there was one who attracted more notice than the rest by his lamentable appearance. This was poor Mr. Froggat of Frog Lane, who was seen marching in the crowd sorely against his will, being urged on by a soldier's pike from behind, and making the most ridiculous gestures, together with piteous entreaties to the garrison not to fire upon him.

Not a shot was fired : the royalists groaned with indignation and defiance when they saw the advantage gained by this base manœuvre of the assailants. The rebels having crossed the causeway in considerable bodies, now advanced to the western entrance, which was a "strong double gate, with portcullis of great strength and majesty." The drawbridge had been raised by the garrison ; but the assailants were provided with planks and beams of wood, with which they speedily made a temporary bridge across the moat. As soon as this was finished, they brought large quantities of "pitch, rosin, tar, hurds of hemp or flax, together with faggots and torches, in order to destroy the gate with fire." But here their former expedient no longer availed them. The bridge which they had thrown across the moat admitted of the advance of but a few men at a time ; and those who

crossed it were now exposed to the fire of the royalists. No sooner had the rebels advanced to the gate, than a galling fire was opened upon them from the adjoining gardens and marsh, where, by the advice of Archbold, a number of the best marksmen had been posted.

Every shrub, bush, and tree, was lined by sharpshooters. Planks had been laid on the boggy land on which they might stand, protected by the old willow stumps. Dyott, posted here with his culverin placed on a rest, poured in grape-shot with murderous precision; and the other marksmen were able to pick out their men: while, at the same time, heavy stones were thrown down upon the enemy from the bastion. The assailants thus taken by surprise, and many of their number being slain, fell back in confusion, unable to accomplish their purpose. Thrice did they return with renewed courage to the attack, and thrice were they repulsed by the steady fire of the royalists; which being concentrated on one spot did fearful execution, while they themselves were comparatively unexposed to the annoyance of the assailants.

The rebels seeing their intention frustrated were evidently much disconcerted, and at a loss how to proceed.

At this moment, the portcullis of the western gate was suddenly raised, and a number of the besieged, headed by Archbold and Glasier, sallied forth sword in hand, and charged the parliamentarians with such impetuosity, that being disheartened by their failure, and having lost some of their bravest men, they were unable to resist the shock. And now the rebels were taken in their own device; for, the causeway being thronged by the prisoners whom they had forced over

it, and who in the confusion were endeavoring to escape back to the town, the soldiers were thus cut off and intercepted from retiring by the way they came, and reinforcements were prevented joining them from the town. Driven to despair, some laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners; but the main body made a stand, and rallied at the Woman's Hospital in the Barbican Street; and their numbers were still superior to those of the royalists.

Archbold now looked up, and saw the red flag floating on the Tantany spire. Keeping his men together, he waited in anxious expectation of the result, and in a short time he heard to his satisfaction the sound of horses galloping, and the expected reinforcement from Rushall charged in the rear of his opponents. The enemy, thus attacked unexpectedly, gave way in all directions; some were cut down by the troopers, others fled until they joined the party which had been engaged in the assault on the north side. The victors, inspirited by success, charged them here also, and forced them to take to flight. The panic communicated itself to the assailants on the north side, who abandoned their works, and fled with precipitation.

Never was a victory more complete, or more cheaply won. The parliamentarians had been forced from every position, and completely foiled in their attack. Archbold had not enough men to venture to pursue the fugitives, and so contented himself with spiking their battery in Gay Lane, destroying their preparations for assault, and then drew his forces off leisurely into the Close, bringing with them the ladders and iron works, and other materials, which had been prepared by the enemy for their assault.

As Henry crossed the bridge to the west gate, he heard his name uttered in a doleful cry, by some one apparently in the moat below him, which in that part was full of water; and looking down he discerned the head of a man covered with mud and duck-weed, whom he recognized to be poor Mr. Froggat. This gentleman had been thrust in the *mêlée* over the causeway, and had managed to keep himself from drowning by clinging to the pier of the bridge.

"For goodness' sake, Master Archbold, prithee pull me out—pull me out, or I shall be drowned!" cried he, in a most lamentable voice.

Archbold seized a pike from one of the soldiers, and lowering it down to the unfortunate man, directed him to grasp it. But poor Mr. Froggat was so weak and benumbed with cold, that when Archbold had drawn him up a short way, down he went over head and ears into the water, and with difficulty rose again to the surface, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Archbold seeing the poor man likely to be drowned, himself climbed down by the pier, holding by the pike with one hand, the other end being supported by two stout men above, and laying hold of the arm of poor Froggat, he succeeded in drawing him up in safety, amidst the laughter of the passers-by.

The miserable man thus saved from destruction looked round him in perplexity, uncertain whether he should cross the causeway and return to his home, or take refuge in the Close; but his doubt was terminated by the crowd, which, pressing on, bore him with them whether he would or no into the garrison.

CHAPTER X.

"Tis not the rondeur of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbored in their rude circumference ;
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it ?"

SHAKESPEARE.

CONCLUSION OF THE SIEGE.

THOUGH there had been some hard fighting, yet the advantage gained by the besieged was far from being sufficient to change their relative position with the enemy. The loss of the royalists was very slight, while the parliamentarians had not lost more than about forty or fifty men—Archbold not having had force enough with him in the sortie to allow him to avail himself of his advantage in the pursuit of the enemy. They retired to the town with little diminution of their numbers, and in high indignation at being foiled by an adversary so much inferior to them. But what added chiefly to their mortification was the entire failure of a scheme so little creditable to their manliness and humanity. Success will sometimes gild over dishonorable conduct and conceal its baseness, but defeat is sure to fill even the perpetrators of a foul action with shame.

The commander of the rebel troops, after the death of Lord Brooke, was Sir John Gell, of Hopton, a gentleman who, like many others of notoriety in those times, was of very doubtful character. Before the troubles, he had been sheriff of the county of Derby, and by his excessive violence in levying ship-money—employing his authority, it would seem, for purposes of personal revenge—he had done the King far more harm than service. At the breaking out of the civil war, for some cause or other which no one could guess, he deserted his former principles, and seemed determined to make compensation for his zeal in the King's cause, by exerting himself with equal violence on the side of the Parliament. Accordingly he raised a considerable body of troops for the defence of the town and neighborhood of Derby, which he held successfully during the whole war. A contemporary writer, who was well acquainted with the condition of the midland counties in those disastrous times, describes the troops raised by Sir John Gell as "good stout fighting men, but the most licentious, ungovernable wretches that belonged to the Parliament;" and as being permitted by their leader "indifferently to plunder *both honest men and cavaliers!*" Sir John Gell is accused by the same writer of keeping the diurnal-makers in pension, at a great expense, in order to get his name mentioned by them weekly; so that whatever was done in the neighboring counties against the enemy was attributed to him; and thus he indirectly purchased himself a name in story which he never merited, who was a very bad man, to sum up all in that word; yet an instrument of service to the Parlia-

ment in those parts.* The character thus represented well accords with the mode of attack made by him upon the Close of Lichfield, which we have described in the foregoing chapter.

Repulsed in his attempt upon the Close, Sir John Gell resolved to put a bold front on the matter, and show that it was not his intention to leave the town until the garrison was reduced. Warrants were issued to the constables to bring in for the use of the parliamentary forces provisions of all kinds, corn, peas, oats, and hay. The streets of the town were guarded by blinds, set up to protect the passers-by from the fire of the enemy in those places where there was an opening, being apprehensive of sharing the same fate which had happened to their former leader. "Sir John himself rode through the town in a buff coat, guarded with silver lace," encouraging and exhorting the soldiers, distributing presents and promises amongst them, expressing his determination not to leave Lichfield until he had made the Close a heap of ruins; for, besides the disgrace which would have attached to his troops if they were repulsed by so weak a garrison, he well knew that Lichfield was a place of considerable importance, as whichever party possessed it would be able to keep in awe and levy

* See Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson, written by his widow Lucy, pp. 106-8. This lady was wife of the rebel governor of Nottingham, and her memorials are exceedingly valuable; for while, with conjugal partiality, she makes out her own husband to be a hero, and pattern of all that was honorable and virtuous, she does not scruple to represent most of the other parliamentary chiefs in their true and odious colors. The flimsy veil of patriotism is stripped away, and they appear in their real character, as ambitious, intriguing, and often very dishonest persons.

contributions upon a considerable extent of the surrounding country.

Nothing further, however, was attempted this day. Sir John determined to wait for the arrival of some heavy pieces of ordnance, which were expected from Coventry.

The parliamentary soldiers at once employed themselves and vented their rage in destroying Dean Denton's beautiful Market-cross, which unfortunately was ornamented with some statues of the Apostles, a circumstance quite sufficient to provoke the wrath of the Puritan fanatics. This mischief was done chiefly at the instigation of M'Rorer,—the officers, however much they might have disliked such wanton outrage, being utterly unable to control the mad humors of their soldiers. Such will always be the case in revolutionary times. A flag of truce with a trumpet was sent to obtain permission to bury the dead, and carry off the wounded, who lay under the batteries of the fortress. The dead were not brought into the town, but buried as privately as possible in the fields or gardens adjoining, in order that the troops might not be dispirited by the sight of their slaughtered comrades.

On the evening of this day, a solemn procession set out from Lichfield, bearing the body of Lord Brooke to the burial-place of his ancestors, in the Castle at Warwick; from which, but a few days previously, he had set out on his sacrilegious design against the Cathedral of Lichfield, ignorantly thinking that he should do God service by its destruction.

Within the garrison all was joy and exultation at the success of their arms. Archbold was publicly

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thanked by the governor for his services. Crab Warner alone remarked, that he might as well have saved his trouble, so far as any good which would come of it to the garrison. But while none but this amiable person expressed sentiments which should cast a damp on the general triumph, the more experienced officers were well aware that their means of defence were far from being adequate to withstand the assailants, if the siege were long protracted ; and that neither their food nor ammunition could last them two days longer. Every preparation, however, was made by the royalists to withstand another assault of the enemy as gallantly as before.

When the next day arrived, it appeared that the besiegers had changed their tactics : instead of again attempting an assault, they drew up their artillery—which now, being aided by the reinforcement from Coventry, amounted to a considerable force—in Sir Richard Dyott's garden, on the opposite side of the pool, and began to open a heavy fire upon the buildings within the Close, especially directing their shot against the canons' houses, and endeavoring to dislodge the gunners, who were posted in the battlements of the Cathedral. Besides the common pieces of ordnance, they had brought from Coventry "a terryfying gun, called a mortar-piece, to shoot grana-does." With these they threw their shells into the open part of the Close, which caused great annoyance to the besieged, endangering the lives of those who were passing to and fro, and maiming the horse and cattle. The canons' houses, pierced with shot, no longer afforded shelter to the numerous families which were lodged in them ; and the female members of the

royalists' families were obliged to take refuge in the cellars, and any other holes and corners which afforded protection against the shots and bursting of the grenades.

In the midst of this confusion, Dr. Arnway and the precentor, who, in the absence of the Dean, were the principal clergymen in the Close, still with indefatigable zeal kept up the accustomed service in the choir, though their lives had been exposed to much danger from the bursting of shells. They chanted the praises of God in the midst of the roar of the artillery, even at St. Paul and Silas blessed God in their prison : and when the sacred service was finished, the worthy canons and the other clergy were indefatigable in attending to the wounded soldiers, both assisting the surgeons in affording them bodily relief, and also availing themselves of the season of sorrow to pour the balm of Christian exhortation and consolation into their souls.

It was in the afternoon of this day, during the time of evening service, that Archbold and others of the garrison were posted on the battlements of the south gate, engaged in returning, from the small wall-pieces, as they best might, the harassing fire of the enemy. Suddenly he heard near him a sharp cry of pain from one of his companions, and looking round, he saw Sir Richard Dyott supporting in his arms the body of his son Michael.

"God's will be done !" said the old knight, as he gazed with bitter grief in the face of his wounded son. "I fear my boy is hurt severely ; lend a hand, Archbold, and unlace his helmet. Thanks, my good Henry ; now help me to carry him down, and let us

have Dr. Whittaker to see him. I am afraid he has got his death-wound ; God help my dear boy !”

Archbold and another comrade gave their aid to Sir Richard in carrying his wounded son down from the battlements, and conveying him to his lodgings. The surgeon soon arrived, and on examining his wound, shook his head, and expressed but small hope that his life could be saved. A large shot had struck his shoulder, and shattered the bones ; and the surgeon feared, which in fact proved to be the case, that the vital parts were injured. Poor Sir Richard was in deep grief, at seeing his youngest son, a fine gallant youth of twenty, thus struck down in the flower of his age. It was indeed a piteous sight, to look at the poor father removing the corselet from his son’s mangled body, chafing his forehead, and endeavoring to recall his senses. The wounded man slowly recovered his recollection, and casting round his languid eyes, saw his father kneeling by his bed. A smile of grateful recognition gathered on his lips ; but his tongue refused to give utterance to the words which he strove to express ; the damp of death had settled on his brow, and he sank lifeless into his father’s arms.

Archbold was deeply moved by his friend’s calamity ; but his duty summoned him to depart from the room of death, and he left the old knight on his knees by the bed-side of his departed son. He had not quitted the house, before he was startled by a tremendous crash, which proceeded from the Close—a noise as if all the artillery had been discharged at once, causing the very earth to tremble beneath his feet.

Hurrying out to ascertain the cause, he found, to

his grief, volumes of smoke and dust rising from the very centre of the Cathedral. The great spire no longer existed! It had been severely injured on the first day of the siege, and a shot, which had now struck away a portion of the lower building, had caused it to totter from its equilibrium, and fall on the roof of the choir, bearing all before it in its fall.*

Archbold gazed a moment in sorrow at the destruction of the venerable and majestic edifice, but suddenly exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! are not the clergy buried in the choir?" He hastened to the west front of the Cathedral, in order to render assistance, if it were possible; and there, amidst the dust and confusion, and the crowd of persons rushing out, for fear of being buried, he found to his satisfaction that Dr. Arnway and the clergy were safe. They had left the choir but a few minutes previously, and were employed in aiding the wounded men, who lay in the nave, when the great spire fell, and now were returning thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance.

The consternation caused by the fall of the spire was not without its effect on the harassed royalists. The sun set amidst confusion and dismay; the night was spent in bitter anxiety and trouble. The garrison consisted principally of townspeople, and others from the country round, unused to war, and though brave when they were called on to fight the enemy in the field, yet unable to endure the anxieties and privations of a siege. But what was most distressing, was the alarm and lamentations of the women, many of them

* See Appendix, note E.

ladies of rank and station, who were crowded together in the Close. Men, who would have held out until they were buried beneath the ruins of the fortress, were disarmed of half their resolution when they saw their wives and children in the same situation of danger. Besides, if the place were taken by assault, the sufferings of those who were found within the Close would have been far greater than if they yielded by capitulation. Add to this, that it was well known that the stock of provisions would not supply the wants of the garrison for another day ; and their ammunition was even now nearly exhausted, and no relief at hand.

All these things being considered, Lord Chesterfield called a council of war during the night, and after a long deliberation, it was resolved that resistance was hopeless. Accordingly, on the following day, the enemy still persisting in their mode of attack, the bloody flag of defiance was taken down, and a flag of truce sent out with proposals for delivering up the fortress.

By some of the historians of that time, Lord Chesterfield has been blamed for surrendering the Close before it was absolutely necessary. But the spirited resistance which they had made during three days proved that there was no want of courage ; and the various circumstances which attended the siege, especially the number of females in the Close, and the want of ammunition, have, in the opinion of others, been pleaded as ample justification.

As for Archbold, mortified though he might be at the failure of his gallant exertions, he could not do otherwise than submit to the decision of his superiors.

CHAPTER XI.

"These English souls are seared,
Who for one grasp of perishable gold
Would brave the curse of holy men of old,
Lead on the robbers of the shrines they reared ;
Who shout for joy to see the ruffian-band
Come to *reform*, where ne'er they came to *pray*."
Lyra Apostolica.

THE PRISONER.

It was on the 5th of March that the Close was surrendered to the rebels, "upon condition of free quarters to all in general within the same Close." All persons belonging to the garrison were made prisoners of war ; and the plate and money, arms, horses, and ammunition, fell into the hands of the enemy. The numerous families who had taken refuge in the Close were driven out, the houses pillaged ; the principal persons were imprisoned in the town. The soldiers who had been made prisoners were locked up in different parts of the Cathedral, and subjected to various insults and indignities from their exasperated conquerors. For three days and three nights many of them remained without food, except such as was brought to them by their friends from the town. Archbold, with several other officers, was thrust into a small chapel in the south transept of the Cathedral, which

was fenced in with iron rails, and, under all circumstances, was perhaps as comfortable a place as they could have hoped for. During the dreadful scenes and atrocities of the civil war there were many instances in which old friendship, or feelings of humanity, tended to mitigate the hardships and inconveniences which happened to those who fell into calamity ; and the prisoner treated with kindness not unfrequently was enabled to repay the obligation which he had received. Archbold recognized in the officer of the guard one whom he had himself known as a prisoner at Oxford, and to whom when in difficulty he had shown some kindness. The parliamentary officer at once acknowledged the debt, and through his means the prisoners in the south transept were treated with less rigor than the rest, and spared from insult to which otherwise they would have been exposed.

As it was, their condition was far from being enviable ; all the accommodation for their night's lodging which they could obtain being a few trusses of straw, which served to render their couch on the hard damp stones somewhat more endurable.

The first night of their imprisonment was passed in sad discomfort. Stretched on the cold pavement, Henry in vain courted sleep. Even on a bed of down his anxiety would have disturbed his rest. Troubles seemed gathering around him, with little prospect of alleviation. His father had been hurried from the Close, he knew not whither. Mr. Morley was in prison ; and Catharine—his beloved Catharine—where was she ! If he could have been certain that she was in safety, it would have been one drop of balm in his

cup of bitterness ; but her safety depended solely on her concealment ; and who could say what accident might expose her to fresh insult and calamity ? Nor, when his thoughts reverted to public affairs, was there more ground for consolation. The rebels openly boasted of successes which they had achieved in different parts of England ; and the circumstance of their having succeeded in taking the fortress of Lichfield, without any succor having been sent to the besieged, proved, at least, that the king had no troops to spare. Still more solemn thoughts crowded his mind, when he gazed round him on the shattered fragments which encumbered the floor of the Cathedral, and the breaches apparent in the walls and roof,—sad emblems of the actual fortunes of the Church itself.

As Archbold lay in sleepless meditation on these distressing subjects, he was suddenly startled by a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from the tomb at the foot of which he lay. He raised himself up in a sitting posture, and looked around, in order to discern if possible whence the sound proceeded. The moon shone full upon a handsome Gothic altar-tomb, kneeling upon which, in rude sculpture-work, was the figure of a knight naked to the waist, his legs and thighs armed, and at his feet and head a stag's horn. His hair was long and dishevelled, and in his hands there was a scroll, as if he were reading a confession, or act of contrition. Across his waist his coat of arms was suspended, which showed him to have been of the house of Stanley. Tradition said that the figure was that of Sir Humphrey Stanley, of Pipe, who died in the reign of Henry VII. The said Sir Humphrey was a man of desperate character and turbulent

spirit. Amongst other deeds of insubordination, he waylaid and slew Sir William Chetwynd, of Ingestre, on Tixall Heath; he defrauded the prebendary of Stotfold of his tithes; and cut off the stream which supplied the Close with water, in consequence of which he had a long contest with the chapter. The latter, in addition to legal means, had recourse to spiritual weapons, and excommunicated the said Sir Humphrey; but afterwards the stout knight, having shown signs of contrition on his death-bed, was permitted to receive funeral rites in holy ground, on condition that his monument should bear the above-mentioned marks of disgrace.

No appearance presented itself to Archbold of the cause of the noise which he had heard. The marble figure knelt in rigid stiffness, and his companions lay sleeping no less motionless around. Henry supposed that his ears must have deceived him, and was again preparing to court sleep on his wretched couch, when he was a second time startled by a groan proceeding from the tomb. Convinced now that he could not be mistaken, he raised himself on his feet, and prepared to investigate more closely the cause of his alarm. The altar-tomb stood forward a few feet from the wall, and on searching round it, Archbold discovered a small door in the wall, immediately behind, from which it was evident that the noise must have proceeded. The door readily yielded as Henry pushed it with his hand, and he perceived a flight of stone steps, which seemed to lead down to a crypt, or charnel-house. All was still as death, and dark as the grave; but Archbold, not being troubled with superstitious fancies, proceeded without hesitation to descend

wherever the steps might lead him. His impression was, that some wounded soldier had been thrown as dead into the vault, and he hoped that he might be able yet to save his life. A very few steps brought him upon the level floor of a small vault, which, from the offensive odor, was evidently a receptacle for the dead. No ray of light was there to show what objects were around ; but Henry became aware of the breathing of some one near him.

"Who art thou," said he, "that choosest this gloomy vault for thy abode ? Speak : wherefore art thou here ?"

The tenant of the tomb, whoever he might be, returned no answer to the appeal, but seemed, by the suppression of his breath, to hope to lie concealed. Archbold moved towards the spot where he had heard the breathing, and, stretching forward, seized the arm of some one, who was crouching behind a pile of coffins.

"Speak—speak !" said Henry ; "who art thou ?—wherefore art thou here ?"

The person finding himself unable to escape, uttered a doleful cry for mercy, and besought that Archbold would spare his life. Henry still grasped the trembling wretch, being at a loss to conceive who or what he might be : at last he exclaimed,

"Surely I ought to know that voice—or do my ears deceive me ?—is it not Elisha Froggat ?"

Elisha Froggat sure enough it was, though more dead than alive from terror. When he got into the Close, as it will be remembered, on a former day, he had in vain sought for admittance to some lodging. The houses were crammed full of soldiers, or others

who had taken refuge in the Close; no one knew whether Froggat was friend or foe, a prisoner or an enemy. He had wandered about the Close and the Cathedral unnoticed by the garrison, who were occupied in their duties; at last, when the shots and shells rattled about the buildings, poor Froggat, in an agony of despair, had crept into the hole where Archbold discovered him. When the great spire fell, the poor man thought the end of the world was come, and that the dead would rise from their graves; and at the time when Archbold found him, he had almost lost his wits, partly from alarm at the enemy's cannon, and partly from fear of ghosts and hobgoblins. Archbold persuaded him, however, to come forth from his unwholesome vault into the upper air, and furnished him with some broken fragments of food.

In the morning, the prisoners were somewhat surprised to find another companion in their captivity.

Fortunate as Archbold had been in meeting with a friend amongst the conquerors, who saved him and his companions from a greater share of hardship than was to have been expected in their situation, he was during his confinement the sorrowful witness of every species of indignity offered to the holy temple of God, by the fanatical crew into whose hands it had fallen. The Cathedral was subjected to all sorts of profanation and plunder. The wanton soldiers, while unoccupied by the fear of the enemy, amused themselves by pulling down the curious carved work, battering in pieces the costly windows, and destroying the most valuable evidences and records belonging to the Close and city. They kept courts of guard in the cross

aisle; broke up the floor, which was paved with cannel-coal and alabaster placed lozenge-wise; sometimes they would hunt a cat with hounds through the church, delighting themselves with the echo which rang through the vaulted roof; at other times, one of their company, clad in the vestments of the clergy, would be the hare, and the rest follow him as hounds and huntsmen, the latter making the most discordant sounds with the broken pipes of the organ, which they used as horns.

It happened during their riotous proceedings that one of the soldiers raised the covering of the tomb containing the remains of Bishop Scrope, and found in it a silver chalice and crosier of considerable value.* A piece of good fortune like this excited the avarice of the soldiers, and every tomb and monument was sacrilegiously ransacked, the ashes of holy men scattered about with barbarous indecency, and many beautiful monuments mutilated and defaced. The governor Rouswell, or Russel, set the example of spoliation, by possessing himself of the communion-plate and linen, and whatsoever else of value he could lay his hands on. By some fortunate accident, the valuable manuscript, called "Textus Sⁱ Ceaddæ, or the Gospel of St. Chad," escaped destruction. This manuscript is believed, on good grounds, to have been written not later than the year 720, and consists of the New Testament, perfect as far as the third chapter of St. Luke, in fair and legible Saxon characters.

During the whole of this while, the pulpit, standing in the nave, was occupied from time to time by

* The latter was afterwards sold to Elias Ashmole.

various fanatical preachers, who encouraged the soldiers in their acts of profanation. M'Rorer had his full revenge for the unceremonious violence with which he had been formerly expelled from the sacred precincts of the Cathedral, and obtained the reputation of being a true prophet by those who remembered his denunciations of wo against the holy edifice. The blasphemy of the fanatics did not end with their intrusion into the pulpit. By their instigation a calf was brought into the Cathedral in solemn procession, wrapped in linen, and taken to the font, where it was sprinkled with water, and a name was given to it in derision of the sacrament of baptism. The holy altar was made a chopping-block for meat; and other enormities were perpetrated too dreadful and too gross to be mentioned.

But such sacrilegious profanation was not long permitted. Scarcely a month had passed before Archbold and his fellow-prisoners again heard the sounds of war. Again the old Cathedral rocked with the roaring of cannon and the blasts of mines. Prince Rupert, with twelve hundred horse and seven hundred foot, had been sent from Oxford to recapture the fortress of Lichfield. After taking Bromicham in his way, which is described by Clarendon "as a town of as great fame for hearty, wilful, affected disloyalty to the King as any place in England," he marched directly to Lichfield, where he was joined by three or four hundred "proper fellows from Walsal, who came with bills and hooks to serve the King." The city was entered as before, without opposition, being open to all comers; but the Close being now strongly garrisoned and provisioned, it was necessary to commence a regular siege.

For ten days an obstinate contest was maintained between the two parties. The royalists erected batteries on the north side, and kept up a heavy fire ; the besieged, on their part, confident in their numbers, and the strength of their position, laughed at the efforts of their assailants. An attempt was made by the royalists to undermine the walls ; but the garrison defeated their object by a countermine, and the soldiers of the hostile parties encountering each other, fought with desperate fury under ground. Foiled in this attempt, Prince Rupert endeavored to scale the fortress with ladders, but was beaten back with the loss of several men, and one was taken alive. " This man the rebels most barbarously hanged three yards from the wall, like a sign, and bade Prince Rupert shoot him down." The insolence of the rebels, however, was somewhat abated by the sudden springing of a mine, in a quarter where they least expected it, whereby one of the towers, with six men in it, was blown up, and a breach of twenty feet in width was made in their wall. Hereupon a general assault was resolved on. All the royalist force was collected, and many officers and men of the cavalry, and even Prince Rupert's chaplain, volunteered to mount with the rest to the breach. The rebels fought with desperation, and succeeded, at the first assault, in driving back the royalists, and killing or wounding many distinguished officers, amongst whom were Lord Digby, Colonel Gerard, Colonel Wagstaffe, and Major Legge. So many men were slaughtered in the breach, that they are said to have formed a breast-work of a yard high. Prince Rupert himself was reported to have been slain. Finding, however, that Prince Rupert was still alive, and had resolved on another attack, the rebels at

length surrendered. They obtained more honorable terms than otherwise they would, on account of the urgent summons which the Prince had received from the King to return immediately, with all the strength he had, to the relief of Reading.

The following are the articles of agreement subscribed by Colonel Hastings, by the authority of Prince Rupert :

“It is consented by Colonel Hastings, by the authority given him by his highness Prince Rupert, that in consideration of the delivery and yielding up of the Close of Lichfield, Lieutenant-Colonel Russel, and all the captains and officers with him, shall march out of the said Close to-morrow, being the one-and-twentieth day of this instant April, by ten o'clock in the morning, with fourscore men and musquetts, with flying colors and fourscore horsemen, with arms belonging to them, and all other persons within the said Close to be at liberty to goe whither they please ; and, for their better and safe conveyance, a free pass or convoy from his highnesse, and eleven carts to convey away such goods as belong to any of the officers or soldiers, with themselves, to the city of Coventry ; and that all prisoners shall be released on both sides, which have been taken in the county of Stafford, since the coming down of the Right Honorable Lord Brooke. In witness whereof we have hereunto put our hand and seal, this twentieth day of April, Anno Domini, 1643. H. HASTINGS.”

Thus ended the second siege of Lichfield, and the royalists were again masters of the Close. Prince Rupert left a strong garrison behind, and gave the command of it to Colonel Richard Bagot.

CHAPTER XII.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

COWPER.

THE RETREAT.

If history presented a faithful portrait of the condition of an entire community, the world would indeed be a scene of misery and confusion; but while strife rages through the land, there are still many peaceful spots which are free from its horrors and devastation. The storm which levels with the ground the lofty tower often spares the lowly dwelling; when the oak is riven, the reed bends beneath the sweeping blast. And thus the devastation of war is often unfelt by thousands who are too poor to tempt the spoiler, or too humble to have enemies.

Our narrative will now carry us somewhat backward in the order of events.

In a lonely part of the forest of Hopwas, far from the busy scene of strife, was the peaceful abode of Abel Woodward. It was a low thatched cottage, but of larger dimensions than were necessary for the accommodation of the aged pair who dwelt there, hav-

ing been used formerly as a lodge for sportsmen who resorted to the forest, though of late years it had seldom been occupied for that purpose; indeed it was in so retired a nook, that it was seldom visited by any who did not come expressly to seek it. In this humble dwelling, by the side of a cheerful fire, sat two females busily employed. The one, an aged matron, was plying her distaff, the other working with her needle. But though her hands were thus engaged, yet it was evident that the occupation of the younger was insufficient to divert her mind from sad recollections; for the tears chased each other down her cheeks, and the silence was broken by many a deep-drawn sigh. Old Mildred had made several fruitless efforts to divert the thoughts of her young companion from her sorrowful meditations, but finding the attempt useless, she had relapsed into silence, although by no means naturally disposed to taciturnity.

The old dog which lay on the hearth suddenly pricked his ears, and wagging his tail with an air of satisfaction, advanced towards the door of the cottage, and presently the well-known step of Abel Woodward was heard, returning home from his work. Abel entered the cottage with an air of unusual seriousness, and uttered not a word as he leisurely divested himself of his instruments of labor, and hung up his outer garment on its accustomed peg.

At last, after some minutes' silence, he exclaimed abruptly, "They have knocked the great spire down?"

"What!" exclaimed Catharine Morley, starting from her work, and looking up with anxious inquiry, "you do not mean the great spire of the Cathedral?"

"They have indeed, mistress. I was at the top of the hill just by, and heard a thundering crash, louder than any cannon, which made the ground ring again; and when I looked, there was the Cathedral with two spires only left, and the great one shivered down to a stump, like a blasted oak. I was grieved to the heart to see the fine old church, which had cost our forefathers so much time and labor to raise, wantonly knocked down by those rascally roundheads. Why, it was quarried here in Hopwas, they say, hundreds of years ago."

This intelligence, it may be well imagined, did not help to relieve the sorrow of Catharine; but only caused her thoughts to turn from her own sufferings, and the danger of those she loved, to the public calamity and persecution of the Church of God, with horror at the impiety and sacrilege which were rampant in the land. And was that beautiful temple, which was associated with so many calm and solemn recollections,—so many feelings of fond attachment,—was it indeed given to destruction? Heavy must be the wrath of God against the land, when He could thus suffer His holy Church to be desolated and polluted.

Sad and sorrowful was the evening meal in that lonely cottage; and before the inmates retired to rest, they had offered up their heartfelt prayers that God would stay his wrath, and no longer suffer His vineyard to be laid waste by the wild beasts of the forest.

The news which Abel brought of the destruction of the Cathedral presented itself during the night to the imagination of Catharine in feverish dreams. Sometimes she fancied that her lover had been crushed

beneath its ruins ; then her thoughts would wander to her father's prison, and conjure up sad pictures of his sufferings ; then it seemed, as if, impelled by strong duty, she had gone to seek her parent in his captivity ; but instead of finding him, had been herself made captive by her dreaded persecutor ; then, again, dreams of hope and deliverance floated over her mind. Her waking thoughts reverted to the same scenes ; and she came down from her humble chamber with the full intention of returning to the town, notwithstanding the great risk which she must encounter, and endeavoring at least to alleviate her father's sorrows by her presence. But old Abel would by no means allow her to put her plan in execution.

"Let me go first," said he, "and see if I can learn any tidings of your father ; and then, if it is possible, and if he wishes it, you can go to join him."

This proposal appeared reasonable : accordingly, Abel Woodward, having gathered some early vegetables from his garden, and placing them in a basket, as if for sale, set out at once for the city.

Meanwhile Catharine's agitated breast was filled with a strong desire to see the spot, though it were but from a distance, where all her affections centred.

Accordingly, wrapping herself in her coarse cloak, and clad as a peasant girl, she walked forth through the forest, until she reached a green knoll, which, rising above the trees, commanded a view of the surrounding country. It was indeed as the old man had described. The forest slept under a bright and lovely sun ; all around was calm and motionless ; but there, in the distance, stood the noble Cathedral apparently a heap of ruins—its beauty demolished, its fair pro-

portions marred. Catharine endeavored to discern, also, the different spots which were most dear to her. The tall roof of the Town Hall, under which her father was imprisoned, was seen above the surrounding houses; but the old Tower of St. Chad and her own dear home were concealed by the rising ground.

For many hours did Catharine linger on the spot, looking with affectionate sadness upon her beloved Lichfield; nor did she return to the cottage until she hoped that old Abel might have come back with some intelligence. In this, however, she was disappointed. Hour after hour passed away, and still he returned not; the day closed, and still he lingered; at last, late in the evening, steps were heard approaching: they were the steps of more than one person. Catharine trembled with mixed emotions of hope and fear; but what was her delight when the door opened, and the beloved form of her father appeared on the threshold. Great indeed was the joy when the father and daughter again were clasped in each other's arms. For some time all their sorrows were forgotten in thankfulness for the blessing of again beholding each other in safety. At last Catharine ventured to inquire what had befallen her father since they had been torn asunder, and Mr. Morley briefly related the circumstances. It appeared that after he had been forcibly led away by the soldiers from his own dwelling, he had been thrust into the common prison, and for several days had endured much privation and discomfort, being forced to live amongst men of the worst description, who scoffed at his admonitions, and turned a deaf ear to the expostulations which, as a minister of Christ, he felt himself bound to address to

them when he heard their blasphemous and profane language. On the third day of his confinement, he was summoned by the jailer to speak with a young parliamentary officer, who informed him that he had come at the earnest request of Lieutenant Archbold, to see if he could in any way alleviate the inconveniences of his situation; nor was he without hope that he might eventually procure his liberty. By the kind influence of the young officer, Mr. Morley was separated from his fellow-prisoners, and allowed a small room to himself, which, however, he did not long occupy; for when the fortress was surrendered, and room was wanted for the safe keeping of the numerous prisoners who had been captured, the same officer who had before befriended him, obtained an order for his release, on condition that he should leave the town.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction, such as a liberated prisoner alone can know, that Mr. Morley emerged from his dark and dreary prison into the cheerful light of day. But what course to take, and whither to go, now that he had regained his liberty, he knew not. The town was occupied by enemies, who were far more likely to scoff at his misery than to relieve it. One glad piece of intelligence had been conveyed to him from Archbold by his friendly liberator, namely, that his daughter was in a place of safety; but where she had been conveyed he knew not. For Archbold, not expecting that Mr. Morley would be released, had not thought fit to entrust any one with the secret.

As the venerable pastor came forth from the prison, full of these mixed emotions, and uncertain how he

should proceed, his eye rested on the honest and intelligent face of a countryman, whom he had some remembrance to have seen before. The old man made a sign for Mr. Morley to follow him, and winding through several narrow streets, led him to a small dwelling near the city-wall, where he was kindly welcomed by an humble family of his own parishioners.

Here old Abel, for he it was, informed the anxious father of the place of safety to which his daughter had been conveyed. Mr. Morley having pledged himself, though reluctantly, to leave the town, resolved at once to join Catharine in her retreat; and as soon as the night set in, he left the town in company with Abel, who led him to the lodge at Hopwas.

In addition to the narrative of his own sufferings and escape, Mr. Morley was able to inform his daughter that Henry, though a prisoner, was safe and well,—a piece of intelligence which Catharine heard with more joy than she saw fit to express.

The father and daughter, thus restored to each other's society, endured with cheerfulness the numerous privations of their situation, and the poor accommodation which old Abel's cottage afforded, and accepted the kind offices of the worthy couple with the hope that the day would come when they should be able to repay them. And so they went on for several weeks, hoping and praying for the best. At length Abel brought them intelligence that Prince Rupert's army was come to besiege the Close, and the distant sound of the artillery informed them that strife had commenced afresh. New hope and new anxieties now sprang up in the breast of the fugitives. Mr. Morley with his daughter would often ascend to the eminence

which overtopped the forest, from whence they were able to look from a distance on the scene of strife; and mingled feelings of pity for the sufferings of those engaged in that fierce contest, and gratitude for the comparative safety of herself and her father, would fill the gentle breast of Catharine.

"Alas!" said Mr. Morley, "what a strange contrast is the peaceful solitude to which God has directed us, with yon scene of turbulence and strife! What miseries do sinful men wantonly inflict on each other! God wills that His creatures should dwell together in peaceful habitations; but the lusts and passions of wicked men, the fierce cravings of ambition under the mask of liberty, the rage of factious animosity, convert the world into an abode of violence and disorder. When shall we learn to curb our angry passions, and live as brethren, in holy obedience to God and to our lawful rulers, whom he hath set over us to govern us? When shall we glorify God in our lives, instead of offending Him by our unnatural strife? when shall we be wise enough to curb those rebellious feelings of envy and disobedience which rise in our hearts, and enjoy the peaceful blessings which God has strewn along the path of life? Is His holy Church to be always watered by the blood of her children? or will the latter days be days of holy peace? Is there yet to be peace and Christian union upon earth? or are we to seek it only in heaven above?"

It was on the morning of a pleasant April day, when they arrived at their accustomed station. The sound of war was no longer heard; an unusual calm prevailed, and it appeared to Catharine, as well as to her father, though they were unable clearly to distin-

guish at so great a distance, that the royal flag had been hoisted in the place of that of the Parliament. Their hopes were now raised to the highest pitch, and they fondly anticipated a restoration to their home and friends.

Nor were their expectations destined to be disappointed. As they returned to the lodge, they saw Archbold approaching by another path, accompanied by a trooper with a led horse, and Roger Woodward with the grey pony. In a moment Henry was at their side. It is needless to endeavor to describe the joy at their meeting. After many cordial thanks to the old couple who had received them with so much honest kindness and hospitality, accompanied by a handsome present which Archbold forced upon them, the father and daughter mounted the horses which had been brought for their accommodation, and returned with Archbold to the city.

CHAPTER XIII.

" Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars ?
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brother stain'd with brother's blood the field ;
When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain."

DRYDEN.

CIVIL STRIFE.

GREAT as was the joy at the re-union of the friends after the various perils to which they had been subjected, yet, when the first burst of satisfaction was over, very serious drawbacks were found to exist to the re-establishment of their domestic comfort. In the first place, the houses of both families had been dilapidated and plundered. Mr. Archbold's, being in the Close, was pierced through and through with shots, the roof much injured, and scarcely a room left fit for use. Moreover, it had been pillaged from top to bottom, the furniture broken or carried off; the registers, records, parchments, papers, either burnt or strewn about the ground in sad confusion. The once pleasant parsonage at St. Chad's was in no better condition. Every room was injured or defiled by the coarse soldiers, who had made it their abode. Mr. Morley's choice library of divinity was carried away, or torn

into pieces. His papers, containing the valuable labors of many years, scattered about, defaced and destroyed. All poor Catharine's little bijoux, and works, and paintings, and the numerous articles in which fair ladies take delight, together with the valued memorials of her mother and other dear friends, were tossed about or carried away. Her beautiful flower-garden, on which she used to bestow so much pains, and which, in the pleasant month of April, should have been just putting forth its buds and flowers, was trampled down by the horse-hoofs, the fence demolished, and the shrubs rooted up and used as firewood. Nor was their condition worse than that of their neighbors. The fair town of Lichfield, which six weeks before had been peaceful and flourishing, now presented very much the appearance of a nest of ants which by some accident had been disturbed, and were busily employed in restoring their injured dwellings. Mr. Morley was much gratified by the kind attention of some of his poorer parishioners, who having suffered less in the general calamity, simply because they had less to lose, voluntarily came forward to assist him with their labor in restoring his habitation to its former state of comfort. It need scarcely be added that Henry was there every day, rendering his services, which were thankfully accepted, until duty again called him to other scenes.

The domestic inconveniences to which civil war had exposed so many peaceful families were rendered still more painful by the reflection, that they had no safeguard against the recurrence of similar calamities.

The recapture of Lichfield was a brave exploit, and

important to the surrounding district ; and the near presence of a royalist garrison, so long as it was not attacked, gave protection to the neighborhood. But the war now raged throughout almost every county of England ; and it was impossible to say how soon Lichfield might be again the scene of strife between the contending parties. And they who know the misery of suspense and danger, will be well aware that, where they exist, it is impossible that peace and comfort should be inmates. Religious faith may reconcile the Christian heart to many afflictions ; but it cannot preserve us from those natural sorrows which must ever accompany a state of alarm and anxiety.

Providence, however, so ordered it, that the scourge of actual war did not for some while visit a spot which had already suffered so much from its miseries. For two years the rebels made no serious attempt to disturb the garrison of Lichfield, which, having now been well provisioned and furnished with all necessary stores, would have been able to make a more determined resistance than in the former siege.

During the whole of this time, the midland counties, though not invaded by the main armies of the contending parties, were a continual scene of petty warfare. The King had strong garrisons at Tutbury and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, as well as at Lichfield. The rebels held Derby, Stafford, and Tamworth. The object of these garrisons was to overawe and levy contributions on the neighborhood. They were maintained partly by heavy assessments collected from the surrounding parishes, partly by plunder drawn from the houses or estates of those persons who were of differ-

•

ent politics. Every country-house, every farm, nay, almost every cottage, was liable to constant pillage. He who to-day was possessed of a valuable live-stock on his farm, to-morrow might have them all driven away; or the man who had just thanked God for enabling him to gather in a plentiful harvest, might have the disappointment of seeing a troop of soldiers come and thresh out his corn, and carry it off for the use of the garrison. Then, when any of the parliamentary troopers' horses fell lame, an order was made for them to go and help themselves from the stables of any papist or other malignant, meaning thereby any royalists in the neighborhood; and no doubt the royalists availed themselves of similar means to recruit their cavalry: large sums, also, were demanded by way of loan or gratuity from those who were possessed of any property; and if the sum was not soon forthcoming, the defaulter was speedily lodged in prison until he found means to pay it; or his estates were put under sequestration, and the rents or proceeds paid to commissioners. Another grievous annoyance was, that each party would often quarter troops in the houses of those of the contrary faction, and the peaceful inmates were obliged to submit to all the inconvenience, besides the expense, of maintaining a lawless and hungry set of soldiers. It was necessary, too, for any person who desired to leave his home, to obtain, for a considerable sum, a pass, or safe-conduct, from the commanders of the troops near which he journeyed; nor could people safely travel on their ordinary business, or even go to visit their friends, without being provided with such safeguards. Of course this was a grievous drawback

to all mercantile transactions. Trade languished in consequence of the danger of communication between distant places ; and even the mining operations in the midland counties were much interfered with.

Such was the condition of the country in general. Some few persons, who happened to have powerful friends on both sides, were enabled, through their interest, to obtain partial exemption from the annoyance endured by others ; but these fortunate persons were very few in number ; and the comparative impunity which they enjoyed was commonly purchased at the expense of principle, and by truckling to each party in its turn.

Besides the ordinary exactions for the subsistence of the troops, the country was harassed by continual expeditions made by the commanders of the different garrisons against each other for the annoyance of the enemy, by cutting off supplies, or with a view to gain some advantage for their cause.

Colonel Bagot, the commander of the troops at Lichfield, appears to have been a most gallant and zealous partizan of the King ; and not only to have protected his own neighborhood, and to have secured the love and esteem of his friends, but also to have made himself feared by his enemies, by gaining several important advantages over them. On one occasion in particular, the gallant colonel, with a considerable number of troops from the Lichfield garrison, marched to Burton-on-Trent, and took possession of the manor-house belonging to Lord Paget. Here he was attacked by a body of the enemy ; but, sallying forth, he charged them with such vigor, that they fled with the loss of *sixteen cart-loads of slain*. There was another bloody

affair at Burton-on-Trent, in which the Church, containing a considerable number of men, was blown up; but it does not appear, from any document in my possession, whether the garrison of Lichfield had any part in this affair or not.

During the same period, many skirmishes seem to have taken place between the King's troops in garrison at Lichfield and those of the Parliament at Tamworth. The Governor of Tamworth was Waldive Willington, a person of consideration in the neighborhood. The deputy-governor, Major Hunt, was one of those persons who are wont to rise to the surface in revolutionary times. Originally a mercer at Coventry, he had failed in his business, and had taken up the trade of demagogue as a more profitable speculation. For some time he had been conspicuous as a fomentor of democratic opinions amongst the weavers of his native town. Bold, active, and unscrupulous, but, at the same time, vain and conceited, he was just the man to obtain a bad eminence in times when impudence is wont to get the ascendancy over real worth. Hunt was just cut out for a provincial agitator, and as such was patronized and used as a tool by the disaffected party in parliament, being found a fit agent for these purposes in the borough in which he resided. At the breaking out of the rebellion, he was chosen leader of a band of apprentices; and soon after, being found bold and useful, he was advanced to the rank of major, and entrusted with the governorship of Astley Castle, from whence he was afterwards removed to Tamworth.

This man had been taken prisoner in some engagement, and confined at Lichfield, from which place

he was released by Colonel Bagot, probably in exchange for some prisoner of equal rank on the royalist side.

Whether he had not been treated with the respect which he conceived due to him, or from whatever cause, is uncertain; but, as soon as he had got back to Tamworth, he wrote the following extraordinary challenge to Colonel Bagot, which is preserved in the pages of the *Mercurius Aulicus* :—

“Baggot, thou sonne of a Egiptian,—meete me half the way to-morrow morning, the half way betwixt Tamworth and Lichfeald, if thou darest; if not, I will whippe thee whensoever I meete thee.

“Tamworth, this December 1644.”

The *Mercury* goes on to state that “Colonel Bagot met him, and after a brisk action, whipped the fellow himself into a retreat, and narrowly missed taking him.”

These few incidents will serve to give a just idea of the unsettled state of the country in the neighborhood of Lichfield. Of the proceedings of the garrison I have no detailed account, with the exception of some interesting notices of the disbursements for the maintenance of the troops and the works at the fortification during a portion of this period, some of which have the signature of Mr. Archbold. I have also before me an original journal or narrative, written by an officer under Sir John Gell's command at Derby; together with many curious letters collected by the same person, detailing the marches and countermarches of different bodies of the garrison, their quarrels amongst

each other, the high opinion they had of their own bravery, which, when put to the test, does not always seem to have corresponded with their vaunting. There is also an amusing account of the capture of the Mayor of Derby by the enemy, and the small value by way of ransom set upon his worship by the rebels; together with many other curious particulars.* I have also the minute-book of the revolutionary committee which sat at Stafford, containing very minute particulars of the proceedings of the commission, and of the troops quartered there, especially the mode of levying money, and the extortions practised on the surrounding country.†

From these and other more general historical accounts of the times, it is evident that the midland counties of England, though less harassed than the west and north, were in a wretched and miserable condition. There was no security for life or property—no safeguard against unlimited exactions. All the domestic and peaceful relations of life were liable to interruption; and, except in some few favored districts, which were saved by their remoteness, all safety and comfort was utterly destroyed. In short, the social state of England was brought back to that which existed in the most turbulent periods of the feudal ages; when each warlike baron, with his band of armed retainers, maintained himself in his stronghold, from whence he spread devastation through the territory of his neighbors, and oppressed and pillaged the country at his discretion.

Then it was that the whole nation began to long

* See Appendix, note F.

† Ibid., note G.

for a restoration to their former peaceful and happy condition. The King was known to be most anxious for peace, and much was hoped from his known moderation. What, then, prevented a consummation so much desired? It was, as it always will be in revolutions, that *the violent fanatical hot-headed men on the democratic side had gained the ascendancy* in the counsels of the Parliament,—men prepared to go all lengths,—some from constitutional fanaticism,—some from fear of the consequences to themselves if peace were restored,—some from love of the power which they would be called upon to relinquish,—some already fired with most ambitious views of personal aggrandisement. All these did, for their own selfish purposes, continue to foment the differences which existed, and urge on the poor distracted country in its mad career of civil strife.*

It has been truly said, that “he who draws the sword against his king, must throw away the scabbard.” Many who took up arms because the King was weak, now did not dare to lay them down because he had become formidable. Many and many were they who had madly rushed into arms, and would now gladly have retraced their steps if they had been able; some actually came over to the King and threw themselves on his clemency. But the return of these men to their senses could not repair the mischief which they had contributed to cause.

“*Men*,” says an able writer, “*may make war when they please, but can only make peace when God pleases.*”

* The history of the conference at Uxbridge is sufficient proof of this.

And it pleased God that England should taste the full bitterness of that rebellion which she had so wickedly begun.

Meanwhile, amidst the confusion of the times and the contentions of the parties who had first engaged in the war, there was gradually growing up a third party, which was destined eventually to overwhelm, and, for a time at least, to subdue the rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The King himself,
Of his wings destitute—the army broken—
And but the backs of Britons seen all flying."
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*.

NASEBY.

DURING the progress of the war, Archbold, now captain of a troop, was continually employed on active service; sometimes with the garrison at Lichfield, but more frequently detached with a portion of the troops on various expeditions in the adjoining county, or brigaded with the King's main army; for when the tide of war approached the midland counties, reinforcements from the different garrisons were often required to swell the force on temporary occasions.

The war was carried on with various fortune. In the first year, immediately after the battle of Edgehill, the King had on the whole the advantage over his enemies. In the second campaign, the relative strength of the contending parties was rendered more equal by the drawn battle of Newbury. In the third year, the force of the rebels was increased by the accession of the Scots, who marched with a considerable army into England, led by the fanatic zealots of the covenant; and the disastrous field of Marston Moor saw the first decided overthrow of the royal cause. Still

the royalists continued to fight with good hope of success, and advantages gained in other quarters compensated for their disaster in the north.

At length, on the 14th day of June, 1645, being the fourth year of the war, the royalists under Prince Rupert, and the rebels under Fairfax and Cromwell, met each other on the field of Naseby; upon which occasion Colonel Bagot, with the regiment from Litchfield, was present, and took part in the engagement, having joined the King's forces at Leicester a few days previously.

It has been observed by an able writer on these times, speaking of the fight at Marston Moor,—and the same observation will apply to that of Naseby, which battle, though fought by a smaller body of troops on each side, was more important than the former in its actual results,—that “never were two hosts, speaking the same language, of more dissimilar aspects.” The King's troops, especially the cavalry, were of the same brave and gallant spirit as when they had chased the foe on the field of Edgehill. It was true that three years of civil strife had in too many cases hardened and debased their character. The irregular and precarious mode of life which they passed in the camp, and the dreadful scenes which they continually witnessed, had engendered a wildness and ferocity not congenial to the English disposition. But a few years of civil strife will turn almost any nation into a horde of banditti. With this exception, which under the circumstances of protracted warfare could not have failed to arise, the King's troops at Naseby were of that generous, loyal, and devoted spirit, which has long been the characteristic of the Eng-

lish nation. Their appearance and that of their adversaries has been well portrayed by the writer to whom I have before referred. The cavaliers are described as "identifying their quarrel with their honor and their love; their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-field like a pageant or festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle blood, as if they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears. The roundheads arranged in thick, dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips the inly-working rage which was blown to furnace-heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies. The arms* of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage; the swords, pikes, and pistols of the royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy firearms of the parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and to do execution upon a broken enemy. The royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise and sour-mannered. The soldiers of the covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the elect and chosen people of God,—a creed which extinguished

* See Appendix, note H.

fear and remorse together.”* It was the fierce fanatical spirit which was the strength of the parliamentarians. In the early portion of the war, the enthusiastic honor and high metal of the cavaliers out-dared the dogged resolution of their opponents; but at its conclusion, leaders had arisen who knew how to train and direct to their purpose this most formidable spirit which had infused itself into the nation. A religious spirit it was not, though, no doubt, there was much stern sincerity in many a rebel breast; but on the other hand, hypocrisy and fanaticism were too generally obvious to allow that we should concede to it the title of religion.

The contest between the men who represented these principles on the field of Naseby might not have been so disastrous as it was, and it may be doubted whether loyalty and gentle blood would not have been more than a match for the fanatic spirit of the puritans, but for the unskilful generalship of the royalists. Prince Rupert, considerably in advance of the rest of the army, rushed on to attack the drawn up forces of the enemy with rash impetuosity; and though he succeeded in routing those immediately opposed to him, and took six pieces of cannon, yet, as in the field of Edgehill, he pursued them so far that he was unable to collect his troops for a second onset. Meanwhile, on the other wing, the republicans, under Cromwell and Fairfax, withstood the charge of the royalists, and rolled them back in confusion like the baffled wave repulsed from the rock, being both stronger in numbers and having the advantage of ground.

* See the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, by Hartley Coleridge,—*Life of Fairfax*, p. 199.

The main body of the King's infantry had come to the charge with their usual intrepidity, first firing on their opponents as they advanced, and then falling to with the butt-ends of their muskets—for bayonets were not at that time invented. In this manner the royalist infantry had broken the ranks of the enemy, and gained a decided advantage. But Cromwell with his horse, having routed those opposed to him, detached a portion of his troops to prevent them from rallying, and with the rest charged the main body of the royalist infantry in flank, and entirely cut them up or destroyed them, whole regiments laying down their arms. The fortune of the day was now entirely changed. The King's army took to flight, leaving Fairfax master of all the cannon and baggage, containing the private letters between Charles and the Queen, of which the rebels afterwards made an ungenerous use, by publishing garbled extracts in print.

The regiment drafted from the Lichfield garrison, under the command of Colonel Bagot, were great sufferers on this fatal field. Having put to the rout the troops opposed to them, they had rallied round the King towards the end of the day, when a large body of the enemy bore down upon them. The King was literally forced by his friends from the field. Meanwhile, with a view to cover his retreat, Colonel Bagot's regiment and another charged the advancing enemy; and though they succeeded in stopping their career, and so saved the King's person, they were soon surrounded by overpowering numbers, and many were killed or made prisoners. Colonel Bagot, Archbold, and a few others, cut their way through the enemy with desperate valor; but in so doing, the gallant Colonel

received a pistol-shot in his right arm, which fractured the bone, and rendered him utterly powerless. Already was one of Cromwell's ironsides prepared with uplifted arm to cut him down, when the stroke was arrested by Archbold's sword, and the trooper himself disabled. Placing himself on the right side of his wounded colonel, Archbold thus forced his way through the opposing throng, until they had attained a place of safety. These were the only two officers of the regiment who escaped. Captain Dyott, Glasier, and others, were amongst the list of prisoners, and several were wounded and slain. In this fatal battle, above one hundred and fifty officers and men of prime quality were left dead upon the spot; "but," says Clarendon, "I shall not stop in this place to mention the names of those noble persons who fell in this battle, when the King and kingdom were lost by it."

One lamentable incident occurred at the field of Naseby, which strongly illustrates the horrors of civil war. There was with the royal army a number of females, most of them the wives of officers in the King's service, who in those terrible times found it less dangerous to accompany their husbands on the field, and to be dragged about amidst fighting and marches and countermarches, than to remain unprotected at their homes, in the silent expectation of all imaginable villanies. These females, to the number of one hundred, were killed by the rebels, when plundering the King's camp, immediately after this disastrous battle.*

* Clarendon, vol. v., p. 186.

CHAPTER XV.

"He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

ON the day after the battle of Naseby, Charles, attended by the shattered remains of his army, arrived at Lichfield. It was a mournful sight to see the fallen Monarch enter the town with his broken forces, bearing with them their wounded comrades. Sadly changed indeed were those troops from the gay and gallant body which had once formed the flower of the royal army. Next to the King himself, none in that mournful cavalcade attracted more general attention and commiseration than the gallant Colonel Bagot, the governor of Lichfield, as he rode through the street, with difficulty supported in his saddle by the friendly hand of Archbold, his right arm bandaged and resting in a sling, his face of ashy paleness, and his noble head bowed down and leaning on his breast.

The King and principal officers took up their quarters in the Close; the rest of the troops were quartered in the adjoining villages.

It was in adversity that the kingly character of

Charles shone forth most brightly. Had he but as firmly exerted the energies of his able mind when in the height of power, as he did when misfortunes fell on him, his fate would probably have been very different from what it was.

Unwilling to despair of his kingdom, he held his court in the palace of Lichfield, and here received the address of the royalists, who were numerous in the town. The King gave them audience in the great hall of the episcopal palace, which was spacious and splendid, one hundred feet in length, and fifty-six in breadth, painted with the coronation, marriages, wars, and funeral of King Edward I. Many of the figures were portrayed in a lively manner, with their banners of arms bravely before them. There were the feats of Sir Roger Pewlisdown, of Emerault in Flintshire, and others, against the Welshmen ; as also of Almeric de Bailgioll, Burnell, Valence, Earl of Pembroke, of Lord Badlesmere, and others, against the Scots.

Amidst these mouldering relics of royalty and emblems of civil strife, surrounded by the ruins of the Cathedral and episcopal palace, on a throne raised a few steps above the floor of the hall, sat the royal Charles, unsubdued by misfortune, and preserving in the midst of his adversity that serene and dignified expression for which he was distinguished. His hair had begun to assume a greyer tinge. His grave and calm countenance was traced with many a furrow, and his eye was marked by a deeper shade of melancholy, and perhaps an air of more solemn majesty. The magistrates, mayor, and members of the corporation, who were true to his cause, together with Sir Richard Dyott, the recorder, advanced with their maces and

insignia of office, accompanied by many of the principal inhabitants, and kneeling at the foot of his throne, presented the following address, which is well deserving of being recorded, on account of the noble and loyal sentiments which it contains :—

“ Most gracious Sovereign,

“ Though the sad report of the last ill success hath so oppressed our souls with grief, that we are rendered more apt to express our loyal affection in tears than in words, yet the safety and presence of your sacred person (as dear to us as our lives) hath so much revived and restored us, that we have taken the boldness, though suddenly and rudely, in a few words to present to you the most zealous affections and loyal services, that a most obliged and grateful people can possibly bear to a most gracious sovereign.

“ And, as we are not insensible of God’s corrections, when He is pleased so sharply to punish us for our sins, so we are not so unchristian-like as to despair of God’s blessing upon a most just and righteous cause, nor so unmanly as to lay down our courage and confidence for one cross event ; as knowing that ‘ man’s necessity is God’s opportunity,’ and that God’s power is most glorified in man’s weakness. And albeit the sun may for a time be eclipsed, even by that planet which itself enlightened, and for a time be obscured even by those clouds which itself drew from the earth into a higher region, yet the light and virtue of the sun is not thereby made less, though less conspicuous. Eclipses and clouds last not always. *Mendacia diu non fallunt* : men will not always be wicked in the sin of rebellion. Truth at last prevails ; right never

dieth, but will shortly, by God's blessing (all clouds being removed), restore the sun of this our firmament to its former splendor and glory, and therein his faithful subjects to their former peace, plenty, and happiness; which is our daily prayer, and shall be our incessant endeavor to the utmost expense of our estates and blood. *Nec plus obire possumus nec fas est minus*: more we cannot undergo, less we may not.

"Sir, your most humble and loyal subjects, the bailiffs, sheriffs and their maces, &c., citizens of this your city of Lichfield, do humbly, according to their duty, surrender into your Majesty's hands these ensigns of their authority, which they are resolved to bear from you and under you, or not at all; and whether they live or die, to live and die your Majesty's most faithful and loyal subjects."

So saying, they knelt at the steps before the King's throne, and laid at his feet their maces and ensigns of authority. The King was deeply moved by the expression of heartfelt loyalty contained in the address of the inhabitants of Lichfield, the more valuable as it could not but expose the loyal men who so expressed themselves to the malice of those of the contrary faction.

The King then briefly returned thanks, though too much moved to address them at length. He desired them to be assured that he felt most deeply the loyal manner in which they had received him. It was grateful to him in his day of affliction, that he had not lost the affections of his faithful people: and he confidently trusted in God, that the time would again arrive, though he might not live to see it, when

sentiments such as those expressed by the inhabitants of Lichfield would again be the prevailing feelings of Englishmen. As a token of the high sense which he entertained of the loyal conduct of the inhabitants, it was his wish to confer such token of honor as it was yet in his power to grant on one of their townsmen, who had proved himself a good soldier and a loyal subject,—one distinguished no less for his ability than for bravery in the defence of this fortress of Lichfield during a former siege, and on various occasions, especially at the late unhappy fight at Naseby, where, if all had fought with equal courage, the result might have been more fortunate. He then commanded Captain Henry Archbold to kneel before him, and laying his sword on his shoulder, conferred on him the order of knighthood. The principal officers of the city then had the honor of kissing his Majesty's hand; and few monarchs in their most prosperous days have received a more loyal homage than was then paid. Strongly woven in the hearts of good men as the spirit of loyalty is found, and heart-stirring as on all occasions the presence of a beloved monarch will be to his devoted subjects, there was something of deep solemnity in the bearing of the royal Charles, and in the whole circumstances of his situation on that day, which caused the heart of many a stern soldier who was present to overflow with feelings of intense emotion.

The levée then broke up. The King retired to his private apartments, and Sir Henry Archbold went to the room of his sick friend. He found Colonel Bagot accompanied by his brother Harvey. He was in great pain; the shattered bones of his arm were

making their way through the flesh, and a burning fever raged in his veins. But though his features were contorted by suffering, he read with deep interest the copy of the address which Archbold brought with him.

"This is as it should be," said he. "Our city has done its duty."

Archbold remained some time with the wounded soldier. A close friendship had grown between them: they had been comrades in many a scene of danger, and the same ardent loyalty and deep religious sentiment filled the hearts of both; and their attachment was cemented more closely by the circumstance of the colonel having been saved from death on the field of Naseby by the friendship and courage of Archbold.

It was late in the day when steps were heard advancing along the gallery, and a gentleman-usher announced that the King had come in person to visit the wounded officer. Charles entered the room with a sad yet cheering expression.

"I could not be satisfied," he said to Colonel Bagot, "without coming in person to inquire after the health of one who has suffered, and, I fear, is still suffering so much in my service."

The wounded man turned to the King, his face beaming with satisfaction, and pressed to his lips the hand which Charles presented to him.

"This is indeed an honor, my Sovereign. Willingly would I lay down my life in your service. My only grief is that the exertions of your loyal subjects have at this time proved ineffectual to place your Majesty in possession of your just rights."

"Let us hope for better days," said the King. "Let

us offer up our prayers that God will pity and defend His Church, and prosper the right cause."

"Amen!" responded the suffering soldier.

"Colonel Bagot," continued the King, "I must depart from this place to-morrow; and it is no slight satisfaction to me to leave it under your command. If it please Almighty God to raise you from your bed of sickness, I know that I may trust you with its safe keeping. If your health should not admit of your active service, your brother and Sir Henry Archbold, of whose skill and courage I have the highest opinion, will be present to aid you, in your duties. But I must not weary you with further discourse," said he, rising to depart; "may God preserve you for better days!"

Alas! the gallant and loyal Colonel Bagot was not destined to fulfil the kind wishes of his King. The surgeon's skill was unable to heal his fractured limb. His strength failed him day by day; and Archbold had the inexpressible grief to perceive that his wasting body must soon sink beneath his sufferings. On the day of his death the colonel called his friend to his bed-side, and said to him in a low voice:

"Archbold, it has long been my wish to be buried at my death within the sacred walls of the Cathedral; promise me now that you will see my wish fulfilled in this respect."

Archbold pressed his friend's hand, and gave the required promise.

"I have now," continued he, "one only desire before I die,—if it be the will of God, to partake once more of the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ

our Lord, and to receive absolution from the mouth of God's minister."

Henry perceiving that his friend's hours were numbered, immediately requested the attendance of Dr. Arnway ; and from his hands, the dying man, together with his friend and brother, received the holy rite. There was but just time for this act of religious faith : scarcely was it concluded, when Colonel Bagot sank back on his pillow, murmuring in a low voice, " Lord Jesus, forgive my sins ;—wash me thoroughly with thy precious blood ;—have mercy on my dear friends and country ;—bless and preserve the King !"

Thus died at the early age of twenty-seven one of the King's most devoted and loyal servants, a bright specimen of that brave English gentry who had sacrificed their worldly wealth and life to the royal cause.

About a month previously to his death, and before he left Lichfield to join the king, as it would seem with some presentiment of his approaching fate, he had sent for Mr. Archbold (the father), and requested his aid in making his last will and testament, part of which is expressive of so much genuine piety and loyalty, that I will transcribe it. After providing for the distribution of his worldly property, he thus continues :

" That small estate I have is now settled : and I have fitted myself for death ; and the more I thincke of it, the more I strive to embrace it, especially when I thincke how much my friends wil be comforted with my death, that may say, one of their fleshe and blood was sacrificed in doing faithful service for his

anointed Sovereign; whom God preserve and defend from all his enemies!

"My desire is, that wheresoever I am slain, that I may be buried in the Cathedral church of Litchfield."

On a black marble monument in the south aisle, near Bishop Hacket's tomb, is this inscription:

Juxta hic situs est

RICARDUS BAGOT.

Fil natu min. Harvei Bagot Bar^{ti},

Flagrante nuperrimâ fanaticorum conjuratione

Hujus munitionis præfectus,

Qui in fatali isto Navesbiensi prælio

Fortissime dimicans lethaliter vulneratus.

Cœlebs occubuit die in Julii 7mo,

A. Dni MDCLV.

Near this spot lies

RICHARD BAGOT,

Youngest son of Sir Harvey Bagot, Baronet, who during the raging of the late rebellion of the fanatics, being governor of this fortress, was mortally wounded when bravely fighting in the fatal battle of Naseby.

He died without issue on the seventh day of July.

A.D. MDCLV.

NOTE.—The death of this much-esteemed man seems to have been universally lamented by those who were true to the King. Amongst the numerous elegies on his death, the following deserves preservation, as descriptive of his amiable character:

"An Elegy upon the most lamented death of the most gallant gentleman, Collonell Richard Bagott, Governor of the Close of Lichfield.

"Bagott hath changed, not lost, his life ; for hee
 For a short breath hath gain'd eternitie,
 With men he lives in fame, with saints in glory,
 And with posterity shall live in story.
 Young though he were in years, not young in hours,
 Improved to wonder, and adorn'd with flowers
 Of youth and age, morality and grace ;
 Most worthy to have runn old Nestor's race.
 Just, wise, and vigilant in government,
 In field most valiant, in commanding prudent,
 Pious to God-ward, faithful to his King,
 Courteous to all, compleat in everything
 Belonging to a souldier, gentleman,
 A loyall subject, or good Christian.
We lose and mourne ; *he* triumphs and enjoyes
 Love upon earth, in heaven immortal joyes ;
 Where we must leave him, and desire but this,
 The next may have his worth, and wee his bliss.

Quam civitati charus fuit
 Mœrore funeris indicatum est."

CHAPTER XVI

"But sadder strains and direr bodings dark
Come haunting round the Almighty's captive ark,
By proud Philistian hosts beset,
With axe and dagger newly whet,
To hew the holy gold away,
And seize the portion as they may."
Lyra Apostolica.

STATE OF THE CHURCH.

THE course of our narrative has hitherto led us to consider the melancholy incidents of military strife which raged throughout all parts of England during this disastrous period. It is time that we turn our attention to the fortunes of the Church, which were mixed up with those of the State.

The constitution of England is founded on a close union between the Church and State. There never has been a time in the records of English history, since the first introduction of Christianity into the land, when this alliance did not exist. The Church may have been corrupted, or the government of the State usurped by tyrannical hands; yet never has there been a time, except during the great rebellion,—at which period both Church and State were overthrown,—when the English nation has not been subject to a monarchical government and an episcopal

Church, and obedience to the laws inculcated as one of the primary requirements of religion.

Alfred, who has been called the founder of the British monarchy, began his code of laws with the ten commandments delivered on Mount Sinai; and from his time to the present the principle of obedience to the laws for religion's sake, and of upholding true religion as one of the first objects of law and government, has at all times been the distinguishing mark of the English constitution.

Under this system the national character has been nurtured. Whatever the English have possessed of manliness and vigor as men, of faith and reverence as Christians, has grown up under this union of Church and State. England would not be England without its national Church. Its soil might be the same,—its lakes and rivers, mountains and valleys, would remain as they are; but the people would be different; their moral and intellectual character would be spoiled and desecrated; nay, even the external appearance of the country would be changed. Sadly should we miss from our landscape the ivy-crowned tower and taper spire of the village-church. Our old towns, robbed of the handsome gothic architecture of their sacred buildings, would have lost their greatest charm; and the absence of the noble cathedrals which now grace our episcopal cities would be deeply lamented by all who have taste or feeling for the beautiful or the holy.

But it would be the *utter change of moral feeling* which we should have chiefly to deplore, if God for our sins should suffer our national Church to be destroyed. So it proved at the great rebellion; and

it were well for us to derive a wholesome warning from the history of that period. The Church was at that time, as it ever was and ever will be, the great support of the monarchical constitution of the country ; and the revolutionists found it impossible to destroy the one without ruining and subverting the other. The result of their temporary success was shown in the degradation of the national character, from the loyal, manly, open-hearted spirit, for which the English have been distinguished, to the sour fanaticism, hypocrisy, and spiritual pride, which, for a while, spread their noxious influence over the land.

Puritanism and sectarianism were not of English growth, but had their origin amongst the ultra-protestants of the Continent. An accumulated mass of corruption like that which encumbered the Romish Church, could not at once be removed without the risk of overstepping the just line of moderation. The English reformers, in most instances with rare judgment, had abolished what was Romish, and preserved what was truly Catholic ; but some of the continental reformers, in their zeal against popery, carried the work farther than was either right or expedient ; and from them the English who returned from exile after the death of Mary imbibed their sectarian views. Such spirits as these,—the originators of modern dissent,—began to give trouble in the reign of Elizabeth ; and during the time of James I. and Charles their power became formidable, and at last, as we have seen, most destructive. God has given us, in the mad proceedings of the puritans, as in the case of the Anabaptists of Munster, an ample warning, if we would but heed it, of the atrocious length to which dissent and secta-

rianism, if uncurbed by authority, are ever ready to proceed.

One of the first serious blows inflicted on the Church was the appointment of unsound Churchmen to the bishoprics by Buckingham for political purposes, and in order to gratify the puritans, who formed at that time the democratic party in the House of Commons. In another age, Latitudinarians or Socinians may be the leaders of revolution ; and a similar desecration of the episcopal office by the ministers of the day, to conciliate these parties, must, if God do not listen to the prayers of His servants, when they supplicate Him "to guide and govern the minds of the bishops and pastors of His flock," be equally prejudicial to religion. When, upon a change of policy in the court, Laud, being appointed archbishop, proceeded, with an honest but somewhat hasty zeal, to reform the gross abuses which the puritans had introduced, on him was laid the odium of opposing the popular party. He fell a victim to the malignant rage of united sectarianism and democracy. But in his fall he saved the Church which he adorned. Under a less firm and devoted prelate, the English Church might have maintained a feeble existence, and gradually lapsed into a mere appendage of the State, or ranked as one amongst many sects ; and, instead of belonging to a Church which, notwithstanding its imperfections, is still the glory of Christendom, we might even now be like the degenerated communities of Switzerland and Germany, or even have relapsed into popery. But, thanks to the sound principle of Laud, and the firmness of Charles, the integrity of the Church was pre-

served ; and she passed through the furnace of sharp affliction, only to come forth in a more perfect form.

It is an instructive lesson, if we trace the steps by which the revolutionists succeeded, for a while, in their attempt upon the Church. Very early an outcry was raised against the bishops, being set on foot principally for political purposes, by persons who cared not for religion at all, but desired at once to humble the power of the English Church, and conciliate the Scotch Presbyterians. Petitions were got up against them by the most barefaced and illegal means. Persons of all descriptions, the lowest and most uninformed, were taught to cry out against them. The porters besought the house to relieve them from episcopacy, which was *a burden too heavy to be borne*.

“ The oyster-women lock their fish up,
And trudge away to cry ‘ No bishop !’
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church ;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A gospel-preaching ministry ;
And some, for old suits, coats and cloaks,
No surplices or service-books.”

This is but a literal description of the absurd folly and presumption of the day. Every man thought he could reform the Church, yet objected at the same time, with singular inconsistency, to any ecclesiastical authority on the part of the Church itself. One plausible object of the revolutionists was to relieve the bishops from their parliamentary duties ; in other words, to get rid of their votes in the House of Lords ; for so long as the bishops were in parliament, they were found a great bar to the passing of measures destruc-

tive to the monarchy. Accordingly the cry was set up of the inconsistency of the ministers of religion interposing in temporal affairs, and that bishops ought to be sent to look after their dioceses. The wonder was, that well-meaning men were found to listen to their sophistry: as if the very persons whose whole object was to pull down the Church, would be likely to propose a measure which was conducive to its benefit. Even the noble Falkland, deeply as he afterwards regretted it, was persuaded to vote for the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords, on the assurance of Hampden, that if the bill were passed, nothing further would be attempted to the prejudice of the Church. The bill was carried through the Commons, while the greater portion of the members were at dinner, although it was well known that in a full house the event would have been different; which gave occasion for the remark, that "those who hated the bishops hated them worse than the devil, and those who loved them did not love them so well as their dinner." However, the bill was rejected by the Lords. Upon which the democrats, being unable to accomplish their object legally, resolved to do it by violence. The populace were excited to mob the bishops as they went to the House of Lords; several of them had their robes torn, and their persons insulted. Morton, bishop of Durham, was near being killed by the populace. One said, "Pull him out of the coach;" another said, "No, 'he is a good man.'" "No matter for that," said a third, "he is a bishop; pull him out." Eleven of the bishops, thus forcibly excluded from the exercise of their lawful functions, drew up a protest against the passing of any enactment during their

forced absence. Whereupon the Commons impeached them for high treason! and committed them to the Tower,—a proceeding so utterly preposterous, as well as illegal, that Sir Harry Vane said, “they might just as well have been charged with adultery or murder.” Thus was the legislation of the country deprived of the aid and sanction of God’s anointed ministers, whom from time immemorial the constitution had recognized as an essential part of the legislative body. The iniquity of the proceeding is manifest; for, in strict law and justice, the other portion of the legislature has no more legal right to deprive the spiritual lords of their seats, than the bishops have to abolish the legislative functions of the Lords or Commons. It would be no more contrary to the constitutional law of England for the bishops to establish an ecclesiastical government, like that of the pope of Rome, than for the Commons to deprive, as they did, the other branches of the legislature of their rights, and establish a democracy; or for the King or Lords to set up an absolute monarchy or an oligarchy. It matters not which power in the State is the aggressor; when any one branch is oppressed by the other, the injustice is the same, and the worst results are sure to follow.

This was the first great inroad on the constitution. The legislature, deprived of the presence and votes of the bishops, no longer presented any impediment to the designs of the revolutionists; but quickly proceeded to the destruction of the constitution in Church and State, and the dethronement of the King. It deserves also to be noticed, that when the bishops were excluded from parliament, so far from the Church hav-

ing any respite, it was only attacked more violently, and defended with less zeal than before. For many worldly-minded men of conservative politics thought the Church no longer worth defending, when the votes of the bishops were gone.

Episcopacy was wholly abolished by act of Parliament, in October, 1646. When, however, it is said that episcopacy was abolished, we merely mean that an ordinance of the then existing government was passed to that effect. The spiritual office of the bishops is of divine institution, and no power of king or parliament can make or unmake them. The bishops, so far as regarded their spiritual office in the Church, were just as much bishops afterwards as before: they were as much bishops as the apostles and their immediate successors, when persecuted by the Jewish or Roman governments.

Amongst the earliest objects of attack by the revolutionists were the two Universities. These have been justly called the two eyes of England; and are incorporated with her constitution, and all that is great and noble in her history. They are the Church's great instruments to train the national mind. Breeding up the sons of the highest families in attachment to their Church and King, they could not fail to be objects of hatred to the un-English fanatical party which was beginning to be in the ascendant. In December, 1640, a committee was appointed to reform and purge the Universities: one means of accomplishing which, was by relieving young scholars from subscription to the Articles. Such was their pretext: the true object was of course to admit persons hostile to the Church, and to effect an entire change in those

seats of learning and orthodoxy. When the civil war broke out, the Universities exerted themselves nobly for the support of the King, not only sending good supplies of money, but cheerfully contributing all their plate. This was a deed never forgiven by the rebels. Cambridge, which was at an early period occupied by the parliamentary army, suffered severely for her loyalty. The heads of colleges, and professors and doctors, were subject to the greatest indignities. Their hoods were torn, as they went to the university sermon, by the common soldiers; their rooms were occupied, and their commons eaten, by the same harpies; at one time they were confined in the Consistory Court, where they had assembled, and kept during a great portion of the night without food or firing. Many of them were sent prisoners to London, and exposed to the insults of the mob, and confined in noxious prisons, or on board the hulks, where they suffered the greatest hardships, being crammed together as negroes on board a slave-ship. Some, it is asserted, were actually sold for slaves, or otherwise made away with.*

Oxford, having been garrisoned during the war by the King's troops, did not suffer so much as Cambridge until the end of the war, when she was subjected to the same indignities as her sister. The revolutionary committee summoned the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges before them, who, on their part, denied their authority; and pleaded that, by their ancient statutes, they were subject only to the King's visitation; but the authority of statutes, and the reign

* See Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy.

of law, was long since defunct. They were forcibly dragged by armed men from their houses, and deprived of their offices and possessions. The violence offered on one side, and the passive resistance on the other, may be instanced by the case of the family of Dr. Fell, the vice-chancellor and dean of Christ Church. The worthy doctor himself was sent a prisoner to London; and his wife and family, refusing to leave their house, were forcibly removed in chairs, and placed to shift for themselves in the quadrangle. The lawful occupants being thus violently expelled, their offices and official residences were conferred on a set of needy hangers-on of the revolutionary party, called "waiters on Providence," who forthwith assembled in convocation, and conferred on each other all sorts of honors and degrees. The lowest and most ignorant persons thus found themselves raised to posts heretofore occupied by men of learning and piety; and some of Cromwell's soldiers actually preached in the University pulpit.

It was not to be expected that the deans and chapters should escape in this destruction of all that was sacred and revered. Soon after the meeting of the Long Parliament, a bill was brought in utterly to abolish the whole government ecclesiastical by bishops, deans, and chapters, and to appropriate—that is, to seize on—their revenue; and, it being maintained by the friends of the Church that no man's freehold might be taken away in Parliament without at least hearing him speak first for himself, Dr. Hacket, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, was selected as the advocate of the Church. It would be too long to insert the whole of his admirable speech. The appeal of Dr.

Hacket is said to have saved the Cathedrals for the time ; yet not long after, during the same session, in a most unparliamentary manner, the bill was again brought forward, and passed by the Commons without a second hearing. At the breaking out of the rebellion, the cathedrals and prebendal houses were exposed to plunder and destruction by the fanatical mob wherever the rebels attained the power ; and in the year 1649 the revenues and estates were confiscated, and the funds bequeathed by the former generations for the service of God and the maintenance of religious worship, were seized by a rapacious and profligate government.

It is worth noticing, that this appropriation of cathedral property was made with the pretext of "maintaining a preaching ministry, and the augmentation of small livings ;" but, instead of being applied to this purpose, the bulk of the property fell into the hands of sequestrators and other parliamentary jobbers, while the rest was used to satisfy the debts contracted during the rebellion.

"Thus," says a writer on those times, "were the early structures of our ancestors and the memorable monuments of their piety defaced and profaned ; the patrimony of the Church, solemnly set apart and consecrated to God with such grievous execrations on those who should alienate them, and devoted to the honor of Christ and His holy religion, sacrilegiously torn from the Church, and employed to the vilest ends of a most execrable rebellion ; the daily sacrifice of morning and evening prayers throughout the several dioceses of the kingdom made to cease ; the continual fountain, from which such constant supplies flowed to

so many thousands of poor, stopped up; and those very foundations which had encouraged and supported more learned champions for the reformed religion than all other Protestant Churches in Europe, dug up, as it were, from the bottom, under the pretence of destroying popery and superstition.”*

Harsh as were the measures taken against the dignified clergy, the sufferings of the parochial ministers were not at all inferior. The clergy almost universally were loyal to the King, and, besides, were in possession of emoluments which were coveted by the puritan or dissenting party. Early in these troubles, a committee was appointed by the Parliament nicknamed *the committee of scandalous ministers*, which afterwards merged in that *for plundered ministers*; and still later a committee called *tryers*, whose office was to examine the qualification of preachers. This committee, consisting of laymen, Anabaptists, Independents, and Presbyterians, were armed with hyper-archiepiscopal power: they were a set of English inquisitors. It is needless to add, that the real object of all these committees was to oust the orthodox clergymen of the Church, and put in friends and partisans of their own. The committee at first sat in London; and many of the clergy were compelled to make long journeys, and were put to heavy expenses, in order to answer a variety of frivolous charges brought against them. For greater despatch of business, sub-committees were formed in different parts of the country. Their mode of proceeding was this:—first, they encouraged the lowest and most worthless of the parishioners to turn informers, and bring forward the most unfounded and

* Walker's Sufferings, p. 15.

ridiculous charges against their clergymen, unsupported even by oath. In many instances the accused person was sequestered or deprived of the emoluments of his living, without having an opportunity of answering the accusations which were brought against him. Those who appeared before the committee were exposed to the jeers and derision of a set of vulgar and ignorant persons, subjected to the most ridiculous and blasphemous examinations on abstruse points of religious doctrine, by men whose presumption was only equalled by their ignorance: their character was blackened, and their persons insulted. The plan of the commissioners was, as Dugdale expresses it, "to clothe the clergy in the skins of beasts, and then worry them." Where mud is thrown, it unfortunately happens that some is sure to stick; and even if a clergyman proved his innocence so plainly that his accusers were obliged for shame to acquit him, still he went back to his parish with a taint on his character; and the very boys in the place were taught to point at him with the finger of scorn and say, "There goes a scandalous minister." One mode of annoyance practised by the commissioners was, to intrude a lecturer into the pulpit of an orthodox clergyman, on the plea that he was a dumb dog, or did not preach the gospel,—i. e. the gospel according to Calvin,—which lecturer was some ranting fanatical fellow, very commonly not in holy orders. But the large majority of clergymen were sequestered and deprived; many turned out of doors with their wives and children in the middle of night; some thrown into prison. It was at first ordered that the ejected ministers should receive one-fifth of their income from their successors, for the sup-

port of their wives and children ; but this small pittance was withheld from them for some frivolous cause or other. One was refused because, though he had a large family, his wife was dead ; another, because he had a wife and only one child. The wife of one Dr. Jones went to demand the fifths, and was refused by the intruder, who said that he knew her husband was dead. The next day, when she took her husband with her, she was still refused, with the rude and blasphemous scoff, that, though her husband was alive in body, he was dead in trespasses and sins. No redress for this manifest injustice was to be obtained. Thus were the clergy, with their families, barbarously robbed of their rights, insulted, oppressed and persecuted. Eight thousand ministers of the gospel are said to have been deprived of their homes and maintenance, and driven out, many of them in advanced age, to seek their fortune elsewhere. The families of some lodged in the belfries of deserted churches, maintained by the charity of their poor neighbors,—others wandered about the country destitute and miserable, seeking what employment they could obtain, until, by a refinement of cruelty, Cromwell passed a law that none of the sequestered clergy should be employed as teachers or tutors, thus depriving them of almost the only mode by which they might have supported themselves. The persons appointed in the place of the clergy were violent political partisans of the rebel faction, in general men of no learning or knowledge, notorious only for the violence with which they preached rebellion and sectarianism. A large proportion of them were entirely without education for the ministry, being tinkers, ploughmen, pedlars, or soldiers, and often preached

the most unheard-of and blasphemous doctrine. Many obtained their appointments by simoniacal compacts with the commissioners. Such was the general character of the persons intruded into the livings as *godly and painful ministers*. And it should be noted, that those ejected were often men of the most eminent learning and piety, and not confined to any one party in the Church. Calvinist and Arminian, High Churchman, Low Churchman, and Erastian, all suffered alike, if they would not forsake their religion and their King, and bow to the rebel faction. It may be enough to mention the names of Chillingworth, Hall, Cosins, Fuller, Hales, Prideaux, Hammond, Heylin, Usher, Comber, Sanderson, all of whom suffered persecution, and several of them with very aggravated circumstances of insult and violence.

Early in the rebellion, one hundred and twenty persons had been appointed by the Parliament called "The Assembly of godly and learned Divines," with a view, or rather pretext, of settling the religion of the country. Instead of a synod of bishops, according to the ancient Christian model, these men, appointed by a rebel Parliament, consisted of all sects and parties. As might have been expected, their labors came to nothing. The Presbyterians were at first predominant in the assembly, and desired to impose on the nation their own form of government; but they were thwarted by Independents and Erastians, who were backed by a violent party in the Commons; and though, in 1648, a semi-Erastian presbyterian bill passed the Parliament, for re-modelling the Church, it was never obeyed or adopted in the country. A violent fanaticism had reared its head, which refused to submit to any sort of discipline whatever.

The plan of Hugh Peters for, *propagating the gospel* in Wales was a good specimen of the disorder of the times. All the clergy were to be at once sequestered, and their income appropriated to the State; and instead of them, six itinerant preachers were to be maintained throughout the country to *preach the gospel* to the people; and it was particularly provided that *they should be supplied with post-horses!* This plan, which was to a certain extent adopted, at once cut up the whole parish system throughout that part of the country. There was no parochial ministration, no visitation of sick, no decent burial or matrimony, no sacrament, except where the old incumbent performed the duties gratuitously.* You might ride by twenty churches on the Lord's day, and not see a door opened. The sacred edifices fell into decay,—hundreds of people went over to popery. "Rome," they said, "was better than Bedlam!" But in the midst of this wild confusion, there remained in the English people a strong attachment to their ancient Church. The hereditary feelings and attachment of a nation, though they may be for a while kept under by some mad excitement or delusion, cannot be altogether extinguished. Nothing caused so much dissatisfaction with the government of Cromwell as this attempt at the subversion of the parochial ministry; and had Cromwell lived, it is not unlikely that he might have seen his power at last overthrown by the reaction of feeling in the English nation in favor of their parish churches.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Reduce the Church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege and murder."

BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

SACRILEGE.

It is necessary that the reader should be acquainted with the religious condition of the country during the rebellion, as briefly sketched in the foregoing chapter, in order to discern the bearing of the incidents which are about to be detailed.

The bitter persecutions which the Church was doomed to undergo had different effects on those of its members who were sufferers. Some, deprived of all their comforts, degraded from their former station, unable to maintain their families, soon pined away, and died broken-hearted;—others "grew melancholy and careless, and much degenerated in their life and conversation." Adversity is indeed a stern trier of what is in man! Those who live in ease and self-indulgence little know in what way they would be affected by a reverse of fortune. Hence the value of self-denial, and voluntary renunciation, at times at least, of the world's refinements and luxuries, in order that we may be prepared for misfortune, if the evil day should come. The married clergy, of course, suffered most

and were most helpless. Many, however, bore their afflictions with cheerful equanimity, trusting to God for their daily subsistence. The learned Dr. Heylin was asked by a friend who came to see him, how he had subsisted of late. "I have been living," he said, "on horseflesh and old leather;" meaning the money for which he had sold his coach and horses when he escaped to Oxford. Another supported himself upon his library, and ate up the fathers or other learned authors one by one. This week he lived upon the proceeds of St. Ambrose; the next, St. Augustine was destined to furnish him with a meal; and so on, till his library was consumed. Happy they who had even this resource.

The good Mr. Morley came in for his full share of persecution. During the first siege, his house had been plundered, as we have seen, his family insulted, and himself dragged to a common prison. Afterwards Lichfield remained for a while under the protection of the royalist garrison; and his annoyance from the rebels had been comparatively small: still his anxieties on many accounts had been great. The town had often been threatened by the enemy's troops; and the malcontents within its walls had frequently caused disturbances even in the church itself: everything was in a restless, troublous state. But, besides the miseries and anxieties incidental to a state of civil war, Lichfield had been visited with a dreadful plague, which carried off more than eight hundred persons out of a population of scarcely three thousand. During the whole of this fearful pestilence, Mr. Morley was indefatigable in his attention to the wants of his parishioners, bringing them aid while

there was hope of life, and spiritual consolation in the hour of death: sometimes even assisting to perform the last offices with his own hands, when they were deserted by their natural friends. Often in the cold dark night might this holy minister of God be seen in the churchyard reading the burial-service over the bodies of the dead, who were brought in carts, without shroud or coffin, and drawn out with pronged forks into a common grave prepared to receive them. Seldom did it happen that the relatives of the dead accompanied them to the grave; yet would not the Christian minister grudge them the Church's solemn benediction, great though his personal risk might be.

Familiarity with scenes of danger and suffering, which hardens the hearts of some, had, on a spirit like Mr. Morley's, a sanctifying influence, rendering him more entirely devoted to God's service, full of zeal and holy fortitude, utterly indifferent to toil or danger, life or death. Before these dreadful times the worthy pastor, though an exemplary minister, had been perhaps somewhat inclined to sedentary and studious habits; but the trials to which he was now exposed roused in him an energy of spirit, a power of endurance, and a zeal in God's service, worthy of the martyrs of ancient days. Let us hope that there are still in God's Church many whose faith would thus shine forth under trials, and emulate the constancy of the ancient saints, if it should be the will of God to try them with affliction.

During the whole time Catharine was indefatigable in her attendance on her beloved parent, soothing him in his affliction, joining her prayers with his, and

pouring the balm of sweet consolation into his wounded soul. Archbold too, during the short intervals when he remained at Lichfield, contributed not a little, with vigorous and manly counsel, to sustain the spirits of both father and daughter; and so they went on with mixed comfort and trouble, until Lichfield was again threatened by the rebels.

After the battle of Naseby, the King's affairs never again rallied: his scattered forces were beaten in detail, and his fortresses captured one by one. It was in the spring of 1646, that Lichfield was again invaded by the parliamentary army. Archbold, though not yet invested with a husband's right of affording protection to the lovely Catharine, yet earnestly requested that she and her father would come for refuge to his father's house in the Close; but Mr. Morley could not be prevailed on to leave his church, nor Catharine to desert her parent.

It was arranged, however, that they should remove from St. Chad's to the house of a friend in the town, where Catharine and her father, secluding themselves as much as possible in an upper chamber, might hope to escape molestation.

And now Lichfield was again filled with the parliamentary troops; the infantry were quartered in the town, the horse provided for in the adjacent villages. Again all the horrors of war began,—the booming cannon sounded in their ears,—batteries were erected against the Close,—and all was confusion, misery, and horror. Mr. Morley had firmly resolved to keep to his post until compelled by force to abandon it.

The day but one after the commencement of the

siege was Sunday ; and the venerable pastor, though scarcely hoping that he should be permitted to perform the Church-service without molestation, determined nevertheless to proceed as usual with his duties, unless he was forcibly prevented. For this purpose he entered the church at the usual time, and found, to his surprise, a small congregation assembled, consisting only of those amongst the usual attendants who had courage to present themselves at such a time. Besides these, only a few low persons were there, who had seldom been before, hoping on this occasion to witness some scene of mischief ; but the puritan soldiers chanced to be occupied in some military duties of urgent importance.

The prayers proceeded as usual ; and though the congregation was small, there was an unusual fervor in their supplications. The psalmody was feeble, as might have been expected under the circumstances of the meeting. Mr. Morley then ascended the pulpit to deliver his sermon. At this moment a loud noise was heard in the entrance,—the doors were thrown rudely open, and a tumultuous body of soldiers entered the church, headed by Jonas M'Rorer. The intruders marched into the church with their heads irreverently covered, and with evident intention of committing some act of outrage. But, perceiving that the preacher was just about to commence his sermon, which to them was the only part of the service worth listening to, the prayers being, as they termed them, the *mere pottage*, they disposed themselves, though not without much indecent noise, in the vacant seats. Mr. Morley, who fully expected such an intrusion, had prepared his sermon accordingly. Well knowing that

it would have been madness in him to allude to the controverted doctrines of the day ; and that any direct exhortation to so lawless a set of men respecting the nefariousness of their conduct, would have been a signal only for interruption,—he had chosen a subject as much as possible unconnected with those points of difference which were then agitated,—a subject of deep and solemn importance to every human being, of whatever party or opinion,—*the judgment of the last day*. He took for his text the simple, solemn words—“We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.” He described with affecting earnestness the graves and the sea yielding up their dead—the armies of the earth standing before the judgment-seat—the absence of all human power or merit on which to trust. He then declared from Scripture that they only would be able on that great day to stand who should be found in Christ—humble believers and followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. “Seeing, then,”—he concluded in the words of St. Peter, only enlarging his exhortations in some parts,—“seeing, then, that all things must be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all godly conversation, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for these things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless. Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be glory both now and ever. Amen !”

A sermon so utterly different from what they were accustomed to hear from their puritanical teachers, so earnest and so scriptural, arrested the attention of those who had entered with mischievous purposes ; and as all was grave and solemn throughout, and no allusion made to any irritating topic, they suffered the preacher to proceed to the end,—one reason of which forbearance probably was, that he concluded much sooner than they expected ; the sermons of their own preachers being generally of a most unconscionable length.

Mr. Morley, having finished his sermon, descended from the pulpit, and advanced to the altar to celebrate the holy eucharist. This, however, was a part of the service for which the puritanical fanatics had no relish ; and their turbulence, which for awhile had been restrained, partly by curiosity, partly by interest in the solemn truths which they heard, now began to burst forth, and it was evident that a tumult would ensue.

The congregation of St. Mary, having been protected by the royalists, had repaired those indecent outrages to which at the beginning of the war their church had been subjected. The communion-table, with its modest ornaments, again stood at the east end of the church, guarded by a rail from intrusion, and at the present time was covered with a fair linen cloth, on which were placed the sacred vessels consecrated to God. But this decent preparation was mere popish superstition in the eyes of the infuriated fanatics.

“Down with the popish mummeries !” they exclaimed,—“away with the idle vessels !” and they advanced

rudely towards the altar, and began to tear away the railings with which it was surrounded.

Jonas M'Rorer, their leader, more violent than the rest, advanced to the altar itself, and was about to drag from it the sacred vessels: but the aged man of God, regardless of personal risk, and armed with that strength which righteous indignation can confer even on the most feeble, stood between the altar and the sacrilegious assailant; and as M'Rorer stretched forth his hand to thrust him aside and grasp the consecrated vessels, he seized on the ruffian, and with superhuman strength, hurled him back, so that he fell violently on the pavement without the rails, and the whole church resounded with the clang of his armor. The less furious assailants stood back in awe, astonished at the boldness of the aged minister; but the fanatic, raising himself from the ground, drew his sword from the scabbard, and rushed forward with the intention of slaying God's servant at the altar itself. At this moment, Catharine, advancing from the crowd with a cry of terror, threw herself upon her father, and clasped her arms around him to shield him from the murderous assailant. The rude mob were moved to compassion by the heroism of the daughter and the calm intrepidity of the father, and interposed to save the minister of God from the sword of M'Rorer. With difficulty some of his companions restrained the fanatic from his horrible act of impiety, and at last succeeded in forcing him from the church.

The rest of the congregation, terrified by the tumult, had already quitted the scene; and the minister of God was left in undisturbed possession of his church. Kneeling down before the altar, he offered a prayer of

thanksgiving to God for his unexpected preservation ; and, as the congregation had now departed, the holy eucharist was postponed.

As Mr. Morley went forth from the church, he was arrested by two soldiers, who told him that they had the general's orders to confine him to his house. This was an act of humanity. Unable often to restrain the excesses of their soldiers, the only protection which the rebel leaders could afford those who were exposed to persecution, was by placing them under arrest. In this case the interference was well timed ; for at the evening service the lawless puritans again occupied the church with increased numbers ; and after a scene of outrage which defies description, breaking down and destroying all the carvings and ornaments, burning the altar-rails, and dragging the altar itself into the midst of the church, they carried off the vestments and furniture of the church as their spoil.

M'Rorer, as may be supposed, was at the head of the disturbance. His triumph, however, was but short. As he and his fellow-rioters were dividing the plunder which they had carried to the guard-house, by some accident or providential decree, a barrel of gunpowder blew up, and M'Rorer, with several of his companions, were killed by the explosion in the midst of their ungodly occupation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

SHAKESPEARE.

TERMINATION OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE siege proceeded with vigor, but with little advantage on either side. As the King's cause was lost in the country, and nothing could save the few remaining fortresses which were garrisoned by the royal troops, the rebels were content to confine the royalists in their strongholds, so as to prevent them from attempting to form another army in the surrounding country; and they were in no hurry to attempt such a "knotty piece of service" as to storm a fortress which was well stored and provisioned, and garrisoned by eight hundred men. Nevertheless, they kept up a continual battery, and committed terrible havoc in the Cathedral and other buildings in the Close.

The besieged being cooped up within the fortress were ignorant of the state of affairs without, and not knowing whether the King was still in the field or not, they determined resolutely to maintain the trust reposed in them. Early in the summer, a correspondence took place between the two parties: the following authentic letters will serve to show the difference of their temper.

Letter from Sir Thomas Tildesley, and Harvey Bagot, governor of the Close, to Sir William Brereton, commander of the enemy's forces :—

“ Sir,

“ Yesterday, being the 12th of May, wee received your second sumons, wherein you require us, partly by persuasion, and partly by menaces, to surrender into your hands the close of Litchfield, with all ordinance, arms, ammunitions, provisions of warre, and all other goods whatsoever, for the use of Kinge and Parliament; but you neither produce, nor affirm that you have, any warrant or authority from the Kinge and Parliament to enable us to deliver it, or you to receive it, which you might easily have procured if the Kinge and Parliament had been consenting thereunto; since the Kinge, as you write, is come in person to your army, and you have dayley intercourse of intelligence with the houses of parliament; unless, perhaps, the King's consent be little regarded by you, who in your letter profess yourselfe (only) a servant to the Parliament, without any mention of duty or acknowledgment of service to your lawful Sovereign. Ffor our parte we know that noe governours or commanders of any of the King's fforts can, without manifest guilt of high treason, deliver up the same without his Maj^{ty} consent, unless they be thereunto forced or necessitated, which (thanks be to God) wee need not feare for. Being as sensible as yourself of the miseries of civil warre, wee shall not kepe the garri-son an hour after wee bee assured it is his Maj^{ty} pleasure it shall be delivered. And wee must tell you, nothing makes us more diffident of your relation of

the accorde between the King and your party, than your outrageous and barbarous violence utterly to deface and destroy the Lord's house, one of the most ancient monuments of Christian piety in the kingdom (being a thousand years old within eleaven), and the cheife ornament of the country: which being no way advantageous to y' designs, renders you odious to all good men. As for the submission of the Lord Hopton's army, and the surrender of many garrisons mentioned in y' letter, wee know not upon what ground or reason the same was done; let them answer for themselves. If they have done anything unworthily, which wee can never believe (especially of so gallant and honorable a person as the Lord Hopton), they shall be examples for our detestation, not imitation, who had rather suffer for our loyalty than prosper by perfidie. The expense of blood and treasure must be cast on your account, who are the assaylelants, do the wrong, and endeavor the ruin of his Maj^{ty} loyall subjects, not upon ours, who stand upon the just defence of our Soveraignes rights, our own persons and estates, a defence which the law of God and man comands, and wee must observe, unless wee will be accessary to the ruin of our master and ourselves; and what heavy judgment soever you intend against us, and those with us, for our constant loyalty, which you term obstinacy, know, sir, it is our resolution rather to suffer evil at your hands, than to doe it with our own—rather to bee martyrs than traytors—and rather to offend those who can but kill the body, than Him who can destroy both soul and body in hell.

“Whereas you say wee cannot but behold the hand of God everywhere against us; wee conceive fortu-

nate successe to bee noe good argument of a just cause; for he that hath right hath many sinnes—sinnes for which God justly permitteth him to bee scourged by his enemies, and at last casteth his scourge into the fire, as hee oft times did to his own people by the Philistines, and to the Christians by the Turks and Saracens; and though affliction may be many times the portion of God's childeren, yet this is our comfort, that God's judgment beginnes in the houses of his servants, and ends in the houses of his enemies; and wee hartily wish that a true sight and sense of y^r errors may avert God's judgments from you, who impute the efficiency of that to the God of heaven, which belongs to the god of this world, who hath blinded your eyes, and is the author of avarice, ambition, disloyalty, cruelty, &c.

"Sir, the many particulars of your letter, and weight thereof, occasioned this length (which wee hope you will pardon) in them who hath no other end but to acquit themselves and satisfie you (as well as they could), and express themselves, as indeed they are, his Maj^{ties} loyall subjects, and your servants,

"THO. TILDESLEY,

"HER. BAGOT.

"For Sr Wilm Brereton, Baronet, these.

"From the Close at Lichfield,
the 13th of May, 1646."

The following is the answer to the above:—

"Gentlemen,

"I have received a paper subscribed with your

names, directed to my generall, Sir Wil^m Brereton (who is this day with his adjutant, accepting in of Dudley Castle from the late governor thereof, for the use of his Maj^{tie} and his Parliament), which paper, (though noe answer to his summons, but stuffed with desperate and malicious expressions, such as can be applied to none so properly as yourselves), I shall in due time represent unto him, and blaze your obstinacy and folly in the abuse of sacred Scripture therein to the world, and shall make it my ambition to bring you and your complices to the justice of the Parliament for it and for all other your insolences, if I bee

“ G. GERRARD.”

“ Ffor Sr Thomas Tildesley and

Sir Hervey Bagot.

“ From our battery on Baccon Hill, 1646.”

How much in accordance with the King's wishes was this loyal and resolute defence of the fortress, may be seen by the following letter from his Majesty :

“ Newcastle, June 6, 1646.”

“ My Lord Aston and Tildesley,

“ The greatest of my misfortunes is, that I cannot reward soe gallant and loyal subjects as you are as I ought and would. For the present I must deale freely with you, and give you my condition, which is, that I can give you no relief ; but I desire you to hold out till Oxford bee rendered, which will be ranked amongst the rest of the good services done by you to your assured friend,

“ CHARLES R.”

There was also a correspondence between the two parties respecting the wives and families of the besieged, and other women, who, as it appears, had been driven by the rebels to the gates of the Close, and refused admittance by the garrison, some of them being infected with the plague; and, by the arrangement of Sir R. Dyott, a conference was held at Elmhurst between six Staffordshire gentlemen on each side; but the result does not appear. It presents, however, a dreadful picture of the miseries and horrors which were endured, and the bitter exasperation of the hostile parties against each other.

About the middle of June, Colonel Hudson was, with the consent of the besiegers, sent from the Close at Lichfield to ascertain what was the real state of the royalists' affairs: and returned to the garrison with the following letter from the King, who was then a prisoner in the hands of the Scots.

Newcastle, June 10, 1646.

"To our trusty and well-beloved Sir Tho^s Tildesley, governor of Litchfield, and others.

"C. R. Having resolved to comply with the desire of our Parliament in everything which may be for the good of our subjects, and leave no means unassayed for removing all differences between us; therefore we have thought fit, the more to evidence the reality of our intention of settling a happy and firm peace, to require you, upon honorable terms, to quit those towns, castles, and forts entrusted to you by us, and to disband all the forces under your several commands."

Being thus satisfied of the hopelessness of his Ma-

jesty's affairs, and having received his own command to deliver up the fortress, the governors of the loyal garrison of Lichfield, after a gallant resistance, surrendered it into the hands of the enemy on the following conditions :

Sir Thomas Tildesley and Colonel Bagot, with all colonels, officers, and soldiers, both horse and foot, were to march out armed soldier-like, in such sort as when they marched towards an enemy, and having laid down their arms at a certain place, were to depart according to their several passes, taking with them their swords and all their wearing apparel, together with their charters, evidences, and writings concerning their estates, dignities, and professions, and a certain sum of money agreed on. The inhabitants of the town were to depart unmolested to their respective residences, their goods being first appraised. All were to have safe passes (if they desired it) to any port-town. All ladies, gentlewomen, and other women, were to have free liberty to go to their homes or friends, and take with them all their wearing-apparel. All writings, evidences, and charters belonging to the Cathedral were to be preserved. On these conditions the Close was to be given up to the Parliament, with the ordnance, ammunition, magazines, and stores thereunto belonging.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Revenge and robbery are reformation ;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration ;
* * * * *
Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed ;
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed."

KING CHARLES I.

THE SEQUESTRATION.

WHAT a scene was presented at the termination of the civil war by the once peaceful city of Lichfield ! And it was not worse than the condition of many another once flourishing town and city. The holy and beautiful temple was a heap of ruins ; the houses of the clergy and residents in the Close and city were dilapidated and dismantled. I have before me the Oliverian survey, made a short time afterwards, in consequence of an act for the appropriation of the property of the cathedrals, in which a minute account is given of the condition of the houses and property in the Close. All that ground which was orchards and gardens, called the Dingle, late in the occupation of Mr. Michael Noble (the rebel town-clerk, be it remembered), lying between the outer wall and the Close wall (forming probably the moat),—all this was "spoiled by digging of fortifications, and all the trees cut down." As you enter the Close, first on the

north, several houses are described as "torn in pieces by grenadoes;" the next house "much ruined;" the vicarage-hall "much demolished;" the precentor's house "exceedingly ruined and demolished;" the next prebendal house and the dean's house "ruined and pulled to pieces;" the house of William Goffray, late canon, "greatly ruined, broken, and torn with grenadoes;" the house of John Arnway, late canon, "ruinated and spoyled;" the bishop's palace also was a heap of ruins. Nor was the town itself in a better condition. The Beacon, or Barbican Street, was burnt to the ground; the Dome Street was in much the same state; the beautiful market-cross was utterly demolished; St. Chad's and St. Mary's churches were greatly injured, the former having been occupied as a garrison; and so were most of the streets and private houses; in short, every part of the town was in a most miserable and dilapidated state.

The victors, whether from humanity or policy, did not at first impose very severe terms on their conquered opponents either in Lichfield or in other places, being anxious to secure their submission without the cost of further bloodshed; but when they had entirely reduced the King's fortresses, and established their power, they showed very soon that it was not their intention to allow their enemies to escape scot-free. The estates of those who had been conspicuous in the King's service were sequestered or confiscated; but in most cases the sequestration was taken off upon payment of two or three years' income. Sir Richard Dyott and Mr. Archbold were amongst the sufferers in this way. The charges against the former were:—
"1st, That the said Sir Richard Dyott was at Edgehill

battle on the late King's side in the year 1642,—that he was taken prisoner and committed to the Marshalsea in Coventry, where he was detained divers months. 2d, That in the year 1645, he left his dwelling-house in the city of Lichfield, and removed with his family into the Close of Lichfield, which was garrisoned with forces of the enemy, and there continued until it was surrendered to the use of the Parliament, and treated for the delivery thereof." To these charges Sir Richard answered, that he did not go to Edgehill for the purpose of fighting, or with any knowledge that there would be fighting; but to convey to his Majesty an answer, from the city of Lichfield, to his requisition for arms and money (which, in truth, was the fact); that he confesseth that he was taken by a party of horse which came from Coventry, in his inn at Southam, where he was preparing for bed; also, that he never went into any of the King's garrisons, but that, dwelling in the city of Lichfield, which was then garrisoned by the King's forces, he did, on account of the plague, remove from one part of the garrison to another,—*i. e.* from the city to the Close.

This special pleading, however ingenious, did not save Sir Richard from a heavy amercement, though it is probable that the good offices which the kind-hearted knight had rendered several of the neighboring roundhead families during the war, induced many of them to interest themselves on his behalf, and save him from ruin.

Mr. Morley, as it may be supposed, was not suffered to remain long in peaceable possession of his living. Some illiterate fanatics amongst his congregation complained to the committee of his style of preach-

ing, upon which the committee appointed the godly and painful Mr. Langley as his lecturer, who immediately made the pulpit a vehicle for denouncing episcopacy, and crying down the Church as popish and anti-christian. Mr. Morley could have endured any personal suffering or insult, but could ill brook the intrusion of this false shepherd into his fold. Prudence might have dictated submission ; but Mr. Morley was of too zealous a temperament to submit silently to what he considered a blasphemous profanation ; and, though he could not prevent him from occupying the pulpit, yet he positively refused to allow one who had not received episcopal ordination to minister in the holy communion. His resistance to Mr. Langley was the cause of a fresh appeal to the commissioners ; for that godly man, having obtained possession of the pulpit, aspired to the living also. Accordingly, a number of charges were raked up against the worthy pastor, and set forth under the following heads :—

“ I. That he, Cyril Morley, was guilty of bowing at the name of Jesus, and standing up at the *Gloria Patri* ; that he had refused to administer the sacrament except at the rails of the communion-table, and was accustomed to pray when entering the desk or pulpit ; together with divers other popish and superstitious observances.

“ II. That he had greatly impeded the ministry of that godly and painful minister, Mr. William Langley, and had declared that praying was better than preaching.

“ III. Also, that he was in the habit of preaching vain and unprofitable doctrine ; as, namely, the doctrine of universal salvation, or that each man may be

saved if he will ; also the possibility of falling from a state of grace, and that regeneration doth take place at baptism, according to the form contained in the book of Common Prayer ; and that he had reproved the congregation for putting their hats on in the church ; and that on Christmas-day he had declared it to be a holy festival of the Church, whereas the Parliament had ordered it to be kept a fast.

“IV. Also that he said the same prayer so often before his sermon, that the very boys in the street knew it by heart.

“V. Also, that he was in the habit of giving out malignant psalms for the people to sing, and choosing malignant texts of Scripture for his sermons.

“VI. Also, that one of the curates of the said Cyril Morley had drunk Prince Rupert’s health.

“VII. Also, that when he (the aforesaid Cyril Morley) was told that the King’s garrison was surrendered to the troops of the Parliament, he smote his breast, and said ‘he was sorry for it.’

“VIII. Also, that he had violently resisted godly Mr. M’Rorer when he was peaceably removing the rails from the communion-table, according to the known order of the Parliament.

“IX. And that the said Cyril Morley was altogether a malignant and scandalous minister, and had aided and abetted in the unnatural war which had been waged by the King against the Parliament.”

Such was the common cant of the times when it was determined to oust a zealous minister of the Church. The most ridiculous, or sometimes the most atrocious, charges were set up against him. One clergyman was accused, amongst other things, “of

eating custard in a scandalous manner ;” and another for allowing his children to play at cards for pins ; and another because he had called the psalms in metre Hopkins’ jigs ; and another was sequestered as a notorious Sabbath-breaker, because on Sunday having the misfortune to break the button of his small-clothes in getting over a style, he had called at the tailor’s to get it mended.

It was out of the question for Mr. Morley to rebut this list of charges, many of which he at once acknowledged, and the rest were utterly ridiculous. In the hope of assisting him, the following declaration was signed by a large majority of his parishioners.

“ These are to testify that the Rev. Cyril Morley, of the parish of St. Mary’s, Lichfield, hath about thirty years been very painful in discharging his cure by constant preaching twice every Sunday ; also in his catechising the youths of his parish, and in his sermons continually beating down popery, and in catechising and instructing the youths with arguments against the papists ; as also hath in the great sickness not forsaken his flock, but hath procured the charity of many for the relief of the poor in that time of extremity, and hath lived blameless, and done much good in the parish.”

Great numbers of the parishioners attended for the presentation of this testimonial, insomuch that the commissioners declared that they were in fear of a riot, and the popularity of Mr. Morley rather prejudiced than benefited him. One of them did not scruple to acknowledge that he was a godly and learned

man, of a blameless life, and therefore his example did them the more disservice.

The end was, that Mr. Morley was deprived of all his emolument, and allowed two and sixpence a week for his maintenance, and the godly Mr. Langley, a hot Presbyterian, was inducted in his place. Let us, however, for a moment anticipate the course of time, in order to relate some further incidents concerning the incumbency of St. Mary's. Some years after the events just recorded, a book was published, entitled "The Persecuted Minister," the writer of which complains most pathetically of being deprived of his living and utterly ruined, his person and doctrine traduced by lies and calumnies, and setting forth in strong colours the injustice to which he had been subjected. The "epistle dedicatory," and the "preface," are dated from "my study in Lichfield;" and by whom does the reader suppose? Not by Mr. Morley, the rightful minister, but by "William Langley, *late* minister of St. Mary's, Lichfield." This godly man had tasted the bitter fruits of his own principles. When the Presbyterians were in power, he had succeeded in depriving the lawful incumbent, and when his own party succumbed to the Independents, he had been in like manner ousted by Mr. Nathan Butler, deprived of his income, and reduced with his family to poverty. This is a tolerably correct specimen of the fate which very generally befell the Presbyterians, who having themselves rebelled against lawful authority, and prevailed over the Church, presently found that the principles which they advocated, and the passions which they had roused, were destined to overwhelm themselves. But to return to our story.

In comparison with the sufferings endured by others of the clergy, the fate of Mr. Morley was tolerable. The loyal Dr. Arnway had been driven from his living of Hodnet early in the troubles, and his place occupied by one Peartree, a pedlar. He was plundered, imprisoned, and ill-used : tempted at one time with the restitution of four hundred pounds a year, if he would take the covenant, that is, accept the Presbyterian discipline ; then urged by drawn swords and bloody halberts, dragged out of prison in the dead of night, and taxed with papistry, and subjected to all sorts of indignities. At last he escaped to the Hague, thence to Virginia, where he died an exile. Various and trying were the sufferings to which the clergy were exposed, and manifold the shifts to which they were put in order to support life. Some were obliged to betake themselves to daily labor, though quite unfit for such occupation ; others taught private pupils, or set up small schools, while they were permitted to do so. One reverend gentleman, when deprived of his living by the commissioners, was heard to say, that since matters were come to that pass, he should be obliged to do that which he much doubted would cost many lives : whereupon he was complained of to the committee as being about to raise an insurrection, or commit some violent deed. However, when questioned as to what was the meaning of his mysterious words, he replied, that having now no other means of subsistence, it was his intention to *turn physician*.

Mr. Morley, deprived of his income, was left dependent on the charity of his friends. Then it was that Henry proposed to Mr. Archbold that Catharine and her father should be invited to live with them at

Brookside farm. Henry and Catharine, long betrothed to each other, had only been prevented from marrying by the sad troubles of the times and the military duties of Archbold; but now that a comparative calm had arrived, there seemed no longer need of delay, and Henry urged his suit with earnestness. Had Catharine been less guileless and single-hearted than she was, a feeling of pride might have sprung up in her breast, and rendered her unwilling to accept the home offered her under her distressed circumstances; but being entirely artless and confiding in the love of Henry, she hesitated not to accede to his proposal. There was one cause, however, of perplexity in their arrangements, namely, that the matrimonial service of the Church had been abolished. Nothing was more repugnant to the feelings of both Henry and Catharine than the idea of being united in marriage without the Church's blessing; therefore, through the means of the old sexton of St. Chad's, they obtained admittance into the consecrated building, and then the Church's benediction was pronounced on their union by the mouth of Mr. Morley. In much peace and contentment, as contrasted with their recent sufferings, the two families, now united together, lived for several years at Brookside farm. Sir Henry gave his attention to the management of his small estate. Mr. Archbold, though deprived of his business as a civilian, continued to practise as a lawyer in Lichfield; and his integrity and skill, together with his political connexions, obtained for him an abundant business; so that in a few years, by diligence and strict frugality, the encumbrances of his estate were cleared off, and his family

restored to comparative comfort and affluence,—not, however, without being subject, like the rest of the loyalists, to continual exaction, in the way of decimation and other illegal contributions, for the maintenance of the army and of the government.

In all respects save one they submitted to the laws of the usurping power ; only to the tyrannical enactment which forbade the use of the ordinances and sacraments of the Church they yielded not their obedience. In this respect they believed that it was their duty to “obey God rather than man,” and to follow the example of the first Christians, who, in spite of the persecution of rulers, continued their religious worship. One of Mr. Archbold’s outhouses was fitted up as a chapel, and set apart for divine service ; and here the venerable pastor, though at some personal risk, dispensed the sacraments and ordinances of religion to a small congregation of Christians, who believed that their allegiance was as strictly due to the Church of God when suffering persecution, as when supported by the outward aids of power and wealth.

CHAPTER XX.

" I saw a royal form, with eye upturn'd,
Rising from furnace of affliction free,
And knew that brow of deep serenity,
Whereon, methought, a crown of glory burn'd,
With a calm smile, as if the death-cry turn'd
On his freed ear to seraph-sounds on high !
Still in the guilty place the hideous cry
Bark'd impotent. In quiet hope inur'd
Was his poor fleshly mantle ; but the breath
Of our bad world o'er this unquiet stage
Flouts his best name, unpardon'd e'en in death.
And thus his holy shade on earth beneath
Still walks 'mid evil thoughts from age to age
Bearing the cross—his Master's heritage :
But no unkindly word for evermore
Can reach his peace, or pass th' eternal door."

The Cathedral.

THE MARTYRDOM.

No sooner was the royal power subdued than the victorious rebels began to quarrel amongst themselves.

The original movers of rebellion had been the Puritans, who, with the aid of the Scots, desired to abolish episcopacy, and reform the Church after their own fashion. But when schism and rebellion have once got head, there is no possibility of stopping them till they have run their course. A violent spirit of fanaticism had sprung up in the country : the wildest theories and notions were abroad : Anabaptists,

Brownists, Shakers, Fifth-monarchy-men, and a host of others, said to amount to one hundred and seventy-six different sects, under the general name of Independents, refused to conform to the presbyterian discipline, and hated it with as perfect a hatred as ever they hated episcopacy. Thus it is that when the pale of Christ's holy Church is once overstepped, no one can foresee the length to which a nation will go. And it is the same with individuals. Let a man once desert the bosom of the holy Church, and he is a prey to every delusion of Satan. There is nothing to stop him from wandering whithersoever his own will or fancy may lead him.

The grand focus of these various sects was the army. Every officer at the head of his regiment was a preacher. Thus, by a strange inconsistency, those who had cried out against the bishops and clergy for meddling in secular business, now themselves invaded the ministerial office. Every tinker or tailor who had a fluency of speech mistook it for inspiration, and without the slightest scruple marched up into the pulpit to preach the *gospel*, as he termed it, to the congregation; and to offer up a string of words called *prayers*, whereunto the people were expected to say, Amen!

Nor were their political notions less wild and mischievous than their religious doctrines. The destruction of the monarchy was soon a favorite topic; and a class of men called levellers sprang up, whose object was to do away with all ranks and distinctions, and to reduce all men to a perfect equality of station.

When a strong spirit of any sort, whether good or

evil, pervades the mass of men, it is not long before there arises some one from among the rest, who, identifying himself with the prevailing impulse, is distinguished as its leader and representative. Of the mingled hypocrisy, fanaticism, and rebellion, which now overspread the land, Oliver Cromwell soon became the visible personation. He it was who, when the Parliament desired to disband the army, instigated the soldiers to resist its order; and stirred up a set of men called "agitators," whose business it was to inflame the wild passions of the multitude against their civil rulers. This was the first decided intimation which the Parliament received of the unruly disposition with which they had to contend. But they had no cause for wonder. How could men who had themselves obtained their power by agitation and rebellion be surprised that others should disobey their commands, and use the same weapons against themselves? The son who has dishonored his parent is sure to reap his just reward in the contempt and disobedience of his own offspring. Even so a government nurtured in revolution has no hold on the obedience of its subjects. It has foregone its claim to reverence, and can expect obedience only so long as it can compel it by force.

It is uncertain at what time Satan entered into the heart of that arch-rebel Cromwell, and filled him with the fiendish ambition of obtaining supreme power by the murder of his King. On the 3d of June, 1647, this man, by his own authority, sent a troop of horse to Holdenby House, in Northamptonshire, where the King had been detained a prisoner since he had been

delivered up by the Scots to the Parliament, and, seizing his person, conveyed him to the army.

The Parliament were thunderstruck at this audacious deed, but had no power to prevent it. Cromwell exercised complete influence over Fairfax, the nominal general of the army. By what was termed *the self-denying ordinance*,—that is, a law requiring members of Parliament to give up their commissions in the army,—the Independents had managed to exclude the presbyterian or aristocratical party from places of command, while Cromwell himself dexterously evaded the law, and kept his commission. By a series of artifices he had wormed himself into the confidence of the officers, or appointed creatures of his own over the different regiments; while he pandered to the passions and humors of the common soldiers, until they were ready to follow him whithersoever he chose to lead them.

If it were not a subject too grave for laughter, it would be amusing to mark the retributive justice with which the presbyterian party in Parliament were now treated by Cromwell and his abettors. Their deliberations were impeded by tumultuous mobs; they were overwhelmed with petitions got up against themselves; their members impeached and expelled from their seats; the House itself surrounded by armed men, who secluded a hundred members from entering; and not long after the House of Lords was found shut up and padlocked by order of Cromwell; nor was remonstrance listened to any more than when they themselves, but a few years before, had impeached the protesting bishops. So sure is retribution to follow

those who give the example of contempt of law and disregard of justice.

At length the nation was astounded by the announcement that the King was to be brought to trial for his life. The trial of an anointed sovereign for treason by his subjects was a thing before unheard of in the annals of the world. Kings have in different ages been slain by the hand of the assassin, or fallen in battle with their subjects; but never before was there imagined so presumptuous an infraction of human and divine law, as for subjects to arraign their Sovereign before them, and sit in judgment on his life. It remained for England,—England, the boasted birth-place of liberty,—to set an example to the world of a crime subversive of the very foundation of social order, the results of which, terrible as they have already been, have, it is to be feared, as yet arrived at but a small part of their development.

To regard the trial of Charles, however, as a solemn spectacle of a great nation sitting in judgment on their Sovereign, is altogether a false view of the circumstances of the case. The crime was perpetrated by a small knot of republican officers, against the will and in opposition to the feeling of the large body of the nation. Yet was the nation justly responsible for the crime before God and man, who had joined in the sin of rebellion, and now found themselves unable to restrain its dreadful issues.

The monstrous project was concocted by a few of the leading rebels assembled at Windsor, at which meeting it is said that Cromwell offered up a long prayer to God that He would assist in their deliberation. The question was, whether the King should be

simply deposed, and kept a prisoner for life, or whether he should be "presently despatched" by private assassination, or brought to public trial. The latter step was agreed on, as being, on the whole, the most advisable. Accordingly, the House of Commons, or rather the small body of Cromwell's partisans, about eighty in number, who were still suffered to assemble, passed a vote whereby a high court of justice was appointed for the trial of the King,—a measure which, it is just to say, was rejected by the lords without a dissentient voice. The high court was formed of one hundred and thirty-five members,—men selected from the House of Commons, the army, or the people generally,—all, more or less, the creatures of Cromwell. The twelve judges of the land refused to sit, declaring unanimously that the whole proceeding was illegal: but law and justice had long since ceased to govern.


Thus was this excellent Monarch, in the full vigor of manhood, his hair blanched with sorrow, majestic even in his misfortunes, brought to trial for his life before men already determined to condemn him. The demeanor of Charles on this most dreadful occasion was such as to elicit the admiration even of his enemies. When he was first brought before the so-called high court of justice sitting in Westminster Hall, he looked upon them with a stern air, yet without any manifestation of trouble, and took the seat assigned to him in full front of his judges. When the indictment was read, and the King was desired by the president to plead, he at once refused to do so. Without any alteration of countenance, or hesitation of manner, he desired to know by what authority they presumed by

force to bring him before them? and who gave them power to judge of his actions? He told them that he was their lawful king, and they his subjects, who owed him duty and obedience; and that he would not so much betray himself and his royal dignity as to answer anything they objected against him, which were to acknowledge their authority; though he believed that every one of themselves, as well as the spectators, did, in their conscience, absolve him from all the material things which were objected against him.

An irrepressible murmur of approval ran through the assembly; and the soldiers and officers were scarcely able to keep order in the court: indeed, several incidents occurred on that memorable day, which showed how harshly the whole proceeding grated on the feelings even of those who had before been enemies to the King. When the name of Lord Fairfax was called over amongst the list of judges, a loud voice was heard to answer, "he has more wit than to be here." In fact, Fairfax had refused to take any part in the trial, and used the small power which was left to him to prevent its fatal issue. When the impeachment was read, in which it was said that the suit was instituted "in behalf of the good people of England," the same voice exclaimed, in a still louder tone, "No, nor the hundredth part of them! it is false!—Cromwell is a traitor!" upon which one of the officers bade the soldiers fire into the box whence those presumptuous words were uttered; but it was quickly discerned that it was the general's wife, the Lady Fairfax, who had uttered both those sharp sayings; and she was presently persuaded or forced to

leave the place, to prevent any new disorder. But the words which she dared to utter expressed the general sense. The spectators in the galleries gave vent by their murmurs and exclamations to their excited feelings: even the people offered up their prayers for the King's preservation, and by their generous tears expressed their returning love for him. But their sympathy came too late. Cromwell's brutal and fanatical soldiers, armed with partisans and halberts, repressed the feeling of the multitude; and, being instigated by bribes, or urged to madness by their fanatical preachers, cried out "justice! justice!"—a name, alas! how often perverted to the vilest uses of treason and delusion!

Three times was the king brought before this mock tribunal, and as often declined their jurisdiction. On the fourth day, after a few witnesses had been examined, who proved that they had seen him at the head of his army at Edgehill, Naseby, and other places,—for this was the amount of the charge brought against him,—sentence of death was passed. During the whole of these trying scenes, his behavior was such as does honor to his memory as a King and as a Christian. Firm and fearless, he maintained in each reply the utmost perspicuity of thought and expression;—mild and equable, he rose into no passion or over-excitement: his soul, without effort or affectation, maintained a perfect self-possession, and seemed to look down with pity on all the attempts of human malice and iniquity; nay, when subjected to the vilest indignities, as he was led through the ranks of soldiers, he calmly submitted to insult without one passionate word or murmur.



On the sad particulars of his execution we will not dwell at large ; suffice it to say, that his soul being prepared, not merely by the religious exercises of a few days, but by the devotion of many years spent in self-denial and obedience to God's laws, he met his death with the holy fortitude which became a Christian, but not without having first prayed to God for the forgiveness of his enemies, and having addressed to them many words most suitable to the times, and worthy of the remembrance of after ages : " Now, sirs," said he, " believe it, you will never go right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give God His due, the King his due,—that is, my successor,—and the people their due. I am as much for them as any of you. You must give God His due, by regulating rightly His Church, according to the Scripture, which is now out of order ; to set you in a way particularly now I cannot ; but only this,—a national synod freely called, freely debated among themselves, must settle this, when every opinion is freely heard. For the King" [here he seems to have been interrupted or overcome by his feelings, and did not express himself fully]—" the laws of the land," he said, " will clearly instruct you for that . . . For the people, truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whatsoever ; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consist in *having government,—in having those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not their having a share in the government,—that is nothing appertaining to them.*" He then declared that he died a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England ; and, after a brief conversation with the excellent Bishop

Juxon, who attended him with pious fidelity during his last hours, he calmly laid his head on the block; and a single stroke of the axe severed it from his body!

At the instant when the blow was given, a dismal universal groan was uttered by the people, as if by one consent, such as was never before heard; and, had they not been dispersed by the soldiers, it is likely that their indignation would not then have ended. The same feeling of grief and dismay pervaded the whole city. Many persons closed their houses—passed the day in fasting and prayer within their secret chambers, in hope to avert the wrath of God for this tremendous crime. Women are said to have fallen into untimely parturition,—others were seized with convulsions, or sunk into such a melancholy as attended them to their graves. A like sensation pervaded the whole land, as soon as the report was spread of this fatal execution. Every one looked on his neighbor with silent astonishment. Scotland itself repudiated, with indignation, all consent or participation in a deed to which she had but too much contributed. Even foreign nations, under whatever form of government, exclaimed, with one voice, against the enormous crime, and rejected the example with horror, as a most heinous insult on law and justice.

It may truly be said, that all Europe shuddered at the fearful omen, and that the world itself will probably not outlive the moral consequences of that dreadful deed.

The murder of Charles has been rightly called a martyrdom. A martyr is one who dies for religion's

sake; and such was unquestionably the cause of Charles's death. It was a sincere attachment to God's true apostolic or episcopal Church which brought him to the scaffold. Charles believed the visible apostolic Church to be, as it is, the institution of God; and no power on earth could move him to desert it. His attachment was no blind party zeal;—that would have sunk beneath the sufferings which he endured;—but it was a fixed and firm attachment to the cause of God's true religion, shown forth, not only in his public acts as regarded religion, but in the most virtuous and exemplary life. If the nation had not for its sins been subject to God's just wrath, Charles was a monarch whose benign influence might have brought the Church to a higher state of excellence than has been witnessed before or since. What might have been the condition of England during the two centuries which have since elapsed?—what might it be now, if the plans which he devised for the good of the Church had not been impeded by the violence of sectarianism?—nay, what might have been the present state of the world itself, if the English Church, established on a firm foundation, and continually enlarged so as to meet the wants of a growing population, had retained the love of her children, and spread her arms into distant regions, making each colony a new branch of God's pure kingdom, instead of itself sinking under the assault of a wild sectarianism, and spreading, as it has done, in every quarter of the globe its pernicious schisms and divisions?

Under the circumstances of unparalleled difficulty in which Charles was placed, it would have been next

to impossible for him not to have committed some errors. We know that there were passages in his life for which he never ceased to ask God's pardon with fasting and prayer until his dying day. It were absurd, however, of persons in the present times to pass judgment on his actions upon mere modern principles. They who would rightly judge of Charles' conduct must place themselves in the age in which he lived, before they can be competent to decide.

For instance, it has often been alleged against him, as a want of true policy as well as justice, that he attempted to force the English Liturgy upon the people of Scotland. It is false to say that he endeavored to force upon them episcopacy, because episcopacy was the law of the land when he came to the throne. But they who thus accuse Charles of intolerance forget that, when the Presbyterians of Scotland, aided by the English rebels, gained the ascendant, *they did actually force* the presbyterian form of government on the people of England,—they drove out her ministers—proscribed her liturgy and services. It was rendered penal to use it even in private houses. The truth is, that the right view of toleration was entirely unknown in those times. It was not till later days that the true principle was acknowledged, that, while it is the duty of government to *provide* instruction in the true form of worship for all the people, yet it is contrary to true religion to *force* any one to accept it. It is remarkable that one of the principal causes of complaint made by the Parliament against the King, was his unwillingness to enforce the penal statutes against the papists; and yet this very Parliament stirred up the people to rebellion by the wild cry

of freedom of conscience, and civil and religious liberty!

As the troubles of Charles I. commenced from his attachment to the Church, so it was his resolute maintenance of his principles which eventually brought him to his death. After his imprisonment, when men's minds began to turn in his favor, and there was a general disposition to rise for his rescue, the Scots could not obtain from him, as the price of their assistance, any promise to support presbytery in England. He consented, indeed, to its establishment in Scotland. Strong political prejudices conspiring with the interests of many of the leading men of that nation, who, in troublous times, had seized on the bishop's lands, and were unwilling to restore them, had infused into a great portion of the Scottish people a spirit, which, according to their respective bias, some would call religious zeal, others a dogged fanaticism. But the same principle which induced Charles to forbear to enforce on the Scottish people, against their will, that which he in his heart believed to be the true apostolic form of Church-government, still more obliged him to refuse his concurrence in the unreasonable wish of the Scots, that he should enforce presbyterianism on the English,—a form of discipline which he believed to be as repugnant to the feelings of the nation itself as it was contrary to apostolic usage. And so, afterwards, when the presbyterian party in England offered him his liberty and life, if he would accede to their conditions, he persisted to the last in his refusal.

“He was well pleased,” he said to the commissioners, “with their expression, that they did not intend

to force his conscience; yet the manner of their pressing him looked very like it, after he had so solemnly declared that it was against his conscience. That he did concur with them in their distinction of bishops; and if they would preserve the Scripture-bishop, he would take away the bishop by law. He confessed that necessity might justify and excuse many things; but *it could never warrant him to deprive the Church of God of an order instituted for continual use*, and for establishing a succession of lawful ministers in the Church: he could with more comfort cast himself on God's goodness to support him in and defend him from all affliction, how great soever, that might befall him, than deprive himself of the inward tranquillity of mind, for any politic consideration that might seem to be a means to restore him."

Thus, with the alternative before him of liberty and restoration to his throne, on the one hand, or continued imprisonment and suffering, and probable death, on the other, he deliberately chose to abide by the dictates of his conscience, and died a MARTYR to God's true religion.

The infidel and the latitudinarian of the present day will of course join in condemning Charles as a fanatic or a bigot; but the Christian Churchman will revere him as a martyr and a saint.

Dark was the day for England which saw the death of her most holy King. Deep were the sufferings which she thenceforth endured; nor is the stain of guilt yet washed out of her rebellious hands.

Much cause have we with fear and trembling "to implore the mercy of God, that neither the guilt of

that sacred and innocent blood, nor those other sins by which God was provoked to deliver both us and our King into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men, may at any time hereafter be visited on us or our posterity.”* —

* See the Book of Common Prayer: “A form of prayer, with fasting, to be used upon the thirtieth day of January, being the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles I.”

CHAPTER XXI.

“ A prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want,
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE PRECENTOR'S SUFFERINGS.

DURING the uncomfortable period of the interregnum, when England was deprived of her lawful Sovereign, and all things were, in consequence, unsettled and out of order—when good men mourned in secret, and bad men had little cause for triumph,—the peaceful family at Brookside farm, notwithstanding the annoyances to which they were subjected, enjoyed, under the blessing of God, much comparative peace and contentedness, hoping always for better days, and for the re-establishment of law and justice, but without repining at the personal privation which they were called on to endure.

It was not often that Henry Archbold or any of the family went to Lichfield. Political demagogues had the magistracy in their hands, and ranting sectarians occupied the pulpit. Archbold viewed their proceedings with dislike and indignation ; and therefore

judged that the less he came in contact with them the better. When, however, his affairs led him that way, he would sometimes pass with a melancholy interest through the Close, the fortifications of which had been *slighted*, as it was termed, or dismantled, by the policy of Cromwell, as in the case of various other fortresses and castles throughout the country. The materials of the Cathedral had been sold by order of the commissioners; the lead which had not been melted into bullets during the war was now stripped off the roof and carried away by the sequestrators, and the stones sold by the same harpies for the repairs of the ruined houses, which were being gradually restored by their respective owners. In short, the commissioners had pretty good pickings from the carcass of the old edifice.

One day, as Archbold passed through the Close, he observed a miserable tattered figure seated amidst the ruins,—his head leaning in melancholy abstraction on his arm,—while a little boy of eight or ten years old, in a no less starved and miserable plight, was playing listlessly with the broken fragments of stone which lay around him.

Henry thought that he recognized the face of the elder person as a friend of happier days, and approached to speak to him; but could not call to mind who it was that he was about to address.

“Dost thou forget me, Henry Archbold?” said the stranger, in a deep and hollow voice: “no wonder! no wonder!” he added, with a mournful sigh.

“Can it be,” said Henry, “that I see before me my excellent and respected friend Precentor Hegins, thus

sitting in misery amidst the ruins of his own once-happy home?"

"It is indeed that miserable being," said the precentor, "reduced to such a state of abject want, that he is forced to crave the alms of the passing stranger for his daily food."

"And is this my little playfellow Robert, who used to race so merrily round the Close?" said Henry, taking the hand of the poor boy, who sat shivering by his father's side. A glad smile of recognition lighted up the boy's pale countenance as he returned the salutation of his kind friend.

"But, come," continued Archbold, "you seem in want of food; come home with me to get some refreshment; God has mercifully spared us somewhat of our former comforts, and it is meet that we share them with those who are in need."

The unfortunate canon thankfully accepted Archbold's offer, and accompanied him to his house, where, after partaking of a more plentiful meal than he had tasted for many a day, his spirits began to revive amidst the kind offices of his old and valued friends; and at their request he related the following brief history of his sufferings.*

"I need scarcely remind you that I was made prisoner at Edgehill, and lodged with Sir Richard Dyott in the Marshalsea at Coventry, from which I purchased my release only by the sacrifice of half my fortune. Afterwards I was present at the two sieges of the Close, where I shared all the perils of the gar-

* It is taken almost literally from the narrative of his son, as related in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, pp. 39, 40.

rison, and was several times in danger of losing my life ; once in particular, when a drake and ship-musket were discharged at me as I was going to prayers, and a shell burst within a few yards of the place where I stood. My son Robert, here, was close to me at the time ; and that we both escaped seemed little short of a miracle.

“ When the war was over, I went to my parsonage at Stoke, where my wife was still allowed to live, paying a high rent for the house, and also maintaining a curate. Here I hoped to find a shelter, but was disappointed in my expectation. The sequestrators sent notice, that if I wished to remain in the parsonage and keep the living, I must pay a heavy fine ; which was utterly out of my power. I determined at last to go to the committee in London, in the hope of being allowed to compound on somewhat easier terms. The greater part of the journey I performed on foot, getting now and then a lift in a wagon. At last I arrived, weary and foot-sore, in London, and went the next day to the committee of plundered ministers ; but was told to leave my name, and come again after three days ; and in this way I was several times put off. After some weeks I was summoned before them ; but it was only to be jeered at and called names. I endured this treatment as long as I could ; but soon found, by bitter experience, the truth of the saying, that “ you might as well seek for charity in hell, as justice in a parliamentary committee,” and that, in taking down one Star-chamber, the Parliament had set up a hundred. Seeing no chance of redress, I set out again homewards on my sorrowful journey, without the least hope of better things, or the satisfaction of

being able to take back a word of comfort to my poor wife and children, who I knew were anxiously waiting for the result of my endeavors.

"When I came back to the parsonage, expecting, at least, a kind welcome from my wife and family, whom I had left in possession, I was met with strange faces, and found the house in the hands of intruders, sent there by the committee. One Mr. Campion had come with a troop of horse, and turned my dear wife, and all her children and her goods, out of doors in the middle of the night; and, but for the kind assistance of a poor cottager, who, at the risk of punishment, afforded her protection under his roof, they must have lain all the night on Stoke Heath. But God raised us up friends when we most needed. Thomas Barrow, a farmer,—whose name I shall always mention with gratitude,—took my wife and myself, and one daughter into his house, and maintained us for a quarter of a year; and other good neighbors took care of the rest of the children. Soon after, the edict came forth, that the delinquents,—for so they called us poor plundered clergymen,—should have a fifth part of their livings, if they would go to London and sue for it to the committees appointed for that purpose; so I set out again with my dear wife, leaving the children without support, except such as they obtained from charitable neighbors. When we got to London I had to wait, as before, a long while,—living strangely by God's providence; so that we seldom knew how we should get our next meal,—and at last obtained an order for a fifth part of my living; and so we went home hoping that our journey had not been quite in vain. But the utmost we could get

from the new incumbent was fifteen pounds, which was not nearly the fair fifth ; but there was no contending with those who had got the upper hand ; so we were fain to submit, and put up with what we could get. With this miserable pittance we hired a small cottage, and took our children back, in the hope to ease our kind neighbors ; and in order to help out our scanty income, I undertook to teach a few pupils, though my health was so broken down with my troubles, that I was more fit to keep my bed than a school. At last the major-general of the district sent an order from Cromwell, that no delinquent minister should be allowed to teach ; so that this poor means of living was taken away ; and all my money being gone, I knew not what to do for my poor children to save them from famishing. Many a time were they whole days without a morsel of food to satisfy the sharp bitings of hunger, except the crabs and blackberries which they gathered from the hedges, and did eat as savorily as if they had been dainties. Sometimes I went to beg at the houses of the rich men in the neighborhood ; and some of them, when I could get to see them, were kind and gave me relief, for which may God bless them ; others looked coldly on me and spoke sharply, and said they could scarcely keep their own households together, much less maintain another man's. O Mr. Archbold ! it is a piteous thing for one who has once lived in comfort, and seen his children well housed and clothed, and fed on wholesome food every day, and has had to spare for those who needed, to be obliged to beg—and often beg in vain—for daily food, and to mark his children's wan faces and wasting bodies, and the wife of his

bosom sinking down under affliction. But such must be the consequence when God chastens a land by civil dissension. God forbid that I should murmur against His dispensation! Too bitterly do I feel that His chastisement is less than my sins deserve. Yea, rather let me bless Him that He has enabled me to bear my hard lot patiently, and to repent and humble myself before Him for former sins and neglects of His service.

"However, I feel it my duty to strive what I can to provide for those whom God has given me; and I thought that, if I could manage to crawl over to Lichfield, I might obtain something for their relief. I am ready to work, though, God knows, it is little enough that I can do; but I must not be ashamed to beg. Misfortune soon takes down one's pride, and reconciles us to contempt and humiliation."

The sad recital, so truly confirmed by the miserable and emaciated appearance of the precentor and his little son, drew tears from the eyes of the hearers. Dr. Hegins had been much respected in the town and neighborhood for his abilities as well as character, though perhaps he had too much given way in his prosperity to the pleasures of society and refined living; which now caused him to feel more keenly the deprivations which he suffered. The kind family to whom he had related his distresses lost no time in tendering all the assistance which it was in their power to offer. In those sad times, it occurred that sums of money were often contributed by unknown persons for the relief of the persecuted clergy, and other sufferers in the cause of loyalty and religion. Mr. Archbold's known character of uprightness and

knowledge of business pointed him out as a fit agent in these charities; and he was enabled to advance to the grateful precentor a moderate sum from the funds placed at his disposal. In addition to which the worthy family contributed, without sparing, from their own means, and obtained some additional aid from their friendly neighbors.

With this unexpected bounty, the precentor, anxious to relieve the pressing wants of his family, set out on the following day, leaving his son Robert under the guardianship of Catharine, who greatly commiserated the wretched plight of her former friend and play-fellow. Under her charge the little boy, being well clothed and fed on wholesome food for a few weeks, soon resumed his former cheerful mood, and forgot his former sufferings, as he rendered a thousand grateful services to his kind benefactors.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Cheare up, sad hearts, and you shall see
All storms of feare will shortly cease ;
Your sighs to songs shall turned be,
And tales of warre to tunes of peace.

The winter lasts not all the yeare,
The longest night must yeeld to day ;
When that the sunne begins to cleare,
All mist and clouds must packe away."
Old Ballad.

THE RESTORATION.

TIME, the great devourer of all things, is also the restorer of many. The golden corn soon waves over the field which was trampled by the horse-hoofs and strewn with mangled corpses. The deepest wound is cicatrised, and leaves behind but a slight scar. Human industry will soon restore the shattered habitations, and repair the devastations of ruthless war. *But it is not so with moral devastation.* The fair character once blotted will not soon recover its former purity : the heart furrowed with guilt may, by the grace of God be pardoned, but will hardly again attain in this world that holiness and security which might have been its portion. And so it is with a nation. The external ravages of crime may be healed, but the moral evil clings to it still. Years of suffering are the

lot of that nation which is guilty of the sin of rebellion ; nay, it is well if centuries suffice to wash out the crimson dye.

The horrible crime committed by Cromwell and his partizans gave neither peace to the country nor safety to its perpetrators. The nation, which had cried out for freedom, found that they had cast themselves into the hands of a despot. Taxes were raised higher than ever, in order to keep up a standing army. The country was partitioned out, and placed under the military control of twelve major-generals, whose arbitrary conduct soon became intolerable. The rising discontents of all parties were kept down only by force. Illegal courts of justice were set up, in comparison with which the Star-chamber and High Court of Commission, which had been the law of the land in Charles's time, were as nothing. The prisons were filled,—one while with the indignant royalists, next with the turbulent presbyterians, then with malcontent fanatics. England's best blood was shed on the scaffold, or by military executions. Many were sold as slaves ; and the property of private persons was subject to sequestration and decimation. Add to this, that men were placed under a system of continual espionage, and scarcely were permitted to use any freedom of words or action, from fear of the watchful jealousy of their tyrant. Thus was the short protectorate of Cromwell one continued scene of discomfort, harassed by continual plots and insurrection, and maintained only by force. The death of Charles, though it removed one monarch, only gave the right of the throne to another ; and Cromwell, though armed with sovereign power, felt the ground hollow beneath

his feet, and knew not whom to trust. If he assembled the Parliament, it was only for them to question his right; if he turned to his army, it was but to quell their turbulence by force, and to hang up, by summary justice, those very agitators through whom he had himself obtained power. Though a man of vast capacity for government,—valiant and sagacious, able, resolute, and prudent; chosen, it might be said, by the nation's voice,—yet he wanted that without which no other circumstance can avail—*he wanted right*. Nothing could compensate for this defect. He passed the few years of his protectorate in continual uneasiness, and in constant fear of plots and assassinations. If a stranger entered the room in which he was, he fixed on him at once his jealous, restless eye. He wore chain-armor secretly beneath his clothes; he had a dozen different rooms at Hampton Court prepared for his night's lodging, and never slept twice together in the same apartment. If he went a journey, he returned by a different route. 'Tis said the image of his murdered Sovereign often rose before his mind's eye, and haunted him with judicial terrors. The fanatic preachers by whom he was surrounded were unable to keep up his troubled spirit. At length, after proving that usurped power is but a curse to him who attains it, he died "a miserable, worn-out old man," at the age of fifty-nine. Such is the picture of a successful rebel.

But neither did his death bring peace to the distracted kingdom. His successor to the protectorate, though weak in mind, was perhaps in reality a wiser man than his father, and yielded up his office after a few months of precarious occupation.

The Parliament, freed from the iron hand of Cromwell, again put forth their claim to power, of which they had been violently deprived; and jealous of another lord protector, made their speaker general and admiral of all the forces. The leaders of the army laughed at their proceedings, and refused to submit to their authority. The royalists made a simultaneous but unsuccessful effort to seize on the principal garrisons throughout the country. As will always be the case in times of general excitement, the wildest notions were taken up by religious enthusiasts. Many persons, calling themselves fifth-monarchy men, believed that the coming of Christ was at hand; and, entertaining not the slightest doubt that they should see with their own eyes the Lord Jesus reigning upon the earth, held themselves in preparation to take a prominent part in the expected kingdom, nay, were quite ready to aid in its establishment by the sword. In short, all was confusion and disorder more hopeless than ever. The real power rested in the general of the army, whoever he might be, so long, at least, as he could command the will of his soldiers.

It was on a fine evening, early in the month of May, in the year 1660, that most of the personages whose fortunes we have considered in the present volume were assembled at the house of Sir Richard Dyott at Lichfield. Sir Richard, as we have already stated, had compounded with the sequestrators and saved the greater part of his estate: his house also, having been found a convenient quarter during the different sieges for the parliamentary leaders, and having been spared

by the royalists in the Close, was preserved in tolerable condition.

It was a handsome old building of the Tudor style, standing back about twenty yards from the street. On the day at which we have arrived, a party of the friends of the worthy knight were assembled in the garden extending from the house to the margin of the Minster Pool, on the opposite side of which stood the Cathedral, beautiful in its ruins. The younger and lighter-hearted of the company were amusing themselves at the game of bowls upon the level turf; but amongst them was one grey-headed man, who directed his ball with more than ordinary skill, and watched its bias with the eye of a practised master of the game. This was our old friend Dumb Dyott, whose exploit at the beginning of the war still procured for him an honorable distinction. A group of ladies, and of the more dignified personages of the party, were seated in an alcove, engaged in conversation and watching the bowlers on the turf before them; others were promenading on the well-rolled gravel-walks. Sir Richard was talking with a handsome lady, still in the height of matronly beauty, whose countenance exhibited a mixed expression of thoughtfulness and vivacity. A beautiful child stood by, with its hand clasped in that of her mother: they were Lady Archbold and her daughter. Sir Henry Archbold himself, now in vigorous manhood, the fire of his eye unblenched, while the wisdom of experience sat on his brow, formed one of the cheerful company.

"I hope you have heard of your son's safe arrival in town, Sir Richard, since he went to take his seat in parliament," said Lady Archbold.

"I had a letter this morning by the post,"* said Sir Richard. "Anthony writes word that he had the quickest journey ever known. The coach left Lichfield at five minutes past six o'clock in the morning and set him down at Temple Bar before sunset the next day. That was something like travelling for you!—and they lost more than half an hour in getting up Chalk hill. What would our ancestors have thought of this?"

"What says he of the meeting of Parliament, Sir Richard?" said another of the company.

"Why I cannot make out from his letter what they are all about; they seem not very well to know themselves. One thing is plain, however:—it is a very different Parliament from any which has met of late years. The chief topic seems to be abuse of Cromwell. No one can call him hard names enough. All are anxious to have a kick at the dead lion; and above all to wash their hands of the bloody murder of the King: but I guess it will stick to the hands of some of them yet. What my son speaks most of is the conduct of General Monk. No one knows what to make of him—he speaks to all civilly."

Here Archbold made a significant gesture, which Sir Richard noticed, and immediately turned the subject.

"Well, Master Barebones," said he to a lank cadaverous-looking gentleman sitting near him, "whose turn is it to be next?—King or Protector, Parliament or Army?"

Mr. Minors, the gentleman addressed, was the same who at the beginning of the rebellion had made him-

* See Appendix, note K.

self conspicuous in the town-council by opposing the requisition of the King for arms. He had since been elected to several Parliaments as member for Lichfield, and in that capacity had stood up manfully against the arbitrary power of Cromwell.

"Sir Richard," said he, in a grave voice, "I have done with politics; I have seen enough of them to know that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. We are now friends, and may talk these matters over freely. I confess to you that had I to perform my part over again for the last twenty years, I would act very differently from what I have done."

"Many a man would do the same," said Sir Richard, with a sigh.

"Do you remember the day when we met in the town-hall about the King's demand for arms?"

"Ay, that I do, well," said the old knight.

"I have often," continued Minors, "thought of that day with bitter sorrow. Little as the unfaithfulness of one town could have contributed to the ruin of the royal cause, yet it was the same spirit in many places which caused his failure. Those who refused the King's demand on that day have to answer for the consequences which have ensued. I can never think of the murder of the King without feeling a sense of blood-guiltiness. Little did I expect that it would have come to this. And what have we gained? Has Cromwell not proved to be a sterner tyrant than England has yet seen? Has he not scourged us with scorpions? I, who struggled for freedom, have been a member of three successive Parliaments in which Cromwell's will was law. I have been arrested at the very threshold of the House of Commons, and forcibly

debarred from entrance. Of one thing, at least, I am convinced, that *there can be no real constitutional freedom but where the laws are obeyed and the rights of all respected.*"*

Sir Henry Archbold here addressed the disappointed politician: "You have brought yourself exactly to the right point. The King was unjustly deprived of his crown, and we have never thriven since. But the right still remains in his son;—is it not our duty and our interest to repair the evil which we have committed as far as yet remains in our power?"

"If you mean to ask," said Minors, "whether I will support Charles Stuart, our lawful King, if he should set foot in England, I do not hesitate to say that I am prepared to do so."

"Give me thy hand, Minors," said Sir Richard. "I always thought thy heart was in the right place."

Then turning to a little, shrivelled, asthmatic old man, with large staring eyeballs like a hare, who sat by with a speaking-trumpet vainly endeavoring to listen to the conversation,—“Well, Master Froggat,” said Sir Richard, “which side will you take, if the King comes back to claim his own?”

“The King come back! the King come back, did you say?” exclaimed the little man in great perturbation. “What! are we going to have another war?”

* Minors was amongst the members who signed the remonstrance when they were forcibly excluded from the House in the year 1656. Sir John Gell was another. See Whitelock's *Memoirs*, p. 650. Sir John Gell suffered a long imprisonment for disaffection to Cromwell's government. He was but one of thousands who had aided in the rebellion, and found that they had forged their own chains.

God defend us! I am a ruined man. The round-heads have robbed me of part, the royalists of the rest. I have been fleeced, imprisoned, knocked about, drowned, buried alive. Heaven preserve me, if there is to be another war! But," he added, raising himself from his seat with difficulty, and his countenance filled with an unusual energy, "I have managed to keep together a part of my poor fortune; and if the King comes back and wants money, come to me, Sir Richard, come to me; I'll give you something more than I did last time." And then the little man's countenance fell, and he looked round with suspicion, as if feeling that he had committed himself more than he ought.

"Never fear," said the worthy knight; "we are all friends here. I hope we shall not have to come upon you. However, if the King should want our help, we must all do what we can."

The venerable Mr. Morley then took up the word: "It is right that we use all human means to perform what is our bounden duty; but there is a higher Power than ours, who guides the helm of events. Let us, without sparing our means and personal services, offer up our earnest prayers for the King, and we shall do more for his cause than if we only fought for him. If the parliament, who first made war on their rightful King, had with one heart prayed that both he and they might be directed in their thoughts, words, and deeds, the nation would have been spared all the miseries which she has endured; and so now, if we earnestly pray that God will restore our lost peace, we shall be more likely to attain it than by mere human policy."

"You are quite right, reverend sir," said Sir Richard. "We deserved the chastisement with which God has visited us ; and I hope some of us are better men than we should have been had our lives been spent in more quiet times."

At this moment supper was announced ; and the old knight, offering his hand to Lady Archbold, led her to the room where the entertainment was spread. Archbold performed the same office for Dame Dorothy (as the Lady Dyott was called), and the rest followed in due order.

Scarcely had they finished their meal, when the sound of horse-hoofs was heard on the pavement passing the top of the street ; and a few minutes afterwards the shouting of the populace rent the air, and waxed stronger and stronger.

"Pray excuse me, sir Richard," said Archbold, eagerly : "allow me to go and see what news has arrived. *I hope,*" he added significantly, "*it is news worth hearing.*"

All were in anxious suspense until Sir Henry Archbold returned with joyful exultation, bearing in his hand a printed document, which he read aloud to the company. It set forth that General Monk had, on the day previously, communicated a letter to the Parliament from the King, dated from Breda ; and that the Parliament, without a dissentient voice, had voted for his restoration.

"LONG LIVE KING CHARLES !" said Sir Richard, as he filled a bumper ; and all the party, with one accord, rose from their seats and responded to the toast. "Come, Archbold," said Sir Richard, "we must see that the townspeople do not want encouragement."

"They do not seem to need it," said Archbold; "however, let us go out amongst them." So saying, he gave his arm to Sir Richard, and Minors and Mr. Morley followed. The bells of St. Mary's were soon set a-ringing, and a bonfire blazed in the market-place, larger than had been seen for many a year.

The King's restoration was indeed brought about by divine Providence in a wonderful manner, contrary to all human expectations. The lords and commons, the lord mayor and aldermen, the army and navy, every city, town, and village, was filled with joy and exultation; and the whole kingdom was one scene of bonfires, bells ringing, and roasted oxen; so that the wonder was, what was become of those persons who had before been his enemies.

The King, on his restoration, behaved very prudently, or rather was guided by Providence to use the wise counsel of Clarendon in the resettlement of his affairs, especially with regard to the Church. Lord Clarendon had predicted "that the Church would either be totally ruined, or else would be restored to great lustre." With this impression he advised the King to reinstate it as much as possible in its former condition, "as being most agreeable to the canons and practice of the primitive Church, especially in the time of the first four general councils." The whole of the Church-property was restored, as having been consecrated to God, and therefore inalienable. The nine surviving bishops,—men tried in the furnace of affliction—were continued in their sees, or promoted to others. The good Bishop Juxon, who had formerly advised the King not to consent to the at-

tairder of Strafford—advice which, if taken, might have saved the monarchy—and who had adhered to the King through all his troubles, was promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The rest of the vacancies were filled up by the best and ablest men who could be found, no private interest being allowed to interfere. The rights and emoluments of those clergy who had been dispossessed, and were yet living, were restored to them. Mr. Morley was reinstated in his vicarage, to the great joy of his parishioners; and, mindful of his former sufferings, he gave a fifth of his income to the minister who had so long intruded in his place, and who was now deprived of subsistence. Precentor Hegins was restored to his preferment, though he held it but a short time.

Sir Henry Archbold was appointed to the honorable and lucrative office of chancellor of the diocese. Master Minors turned his able mind to the subject of education, and, as Jack Cade would have said, “traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm by building a grammar-school,” which still flourishes in Lichfield. Sir Richard Dyott shortly after departed this life in a good old age, and, according to the ancient custom of his forefathers, was buried by torchlight in the family vault of the Dyotts in St. Mary’s Church.

So far as regards the worthy personages whose particular fortunes are concerned, all was now happy and prosperous, with but one drawback. The beautiful Cathedral, the glory and pride of the town, was a mass of ruins. “The roof of stone, the timber, lead and iron, glass, stalls, organ, and utensils of rich value, were all embezzled;—the central spire was battered down, and much of the materials had been sold by the

parliamentary commissioners, and been used in the repairs of the dwelling-houses in the town."

It was with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that, soon after the King's restoration, the clergy of the Cathedral, for the first time after a long interval, celebrated divine worship in the chapter-house, which was the only part of the sacred edifice the roof of which was not destroyed. Strange indeed was the conflict of emotion, while the heart was raised in solemn thanksgiving, and the eye rested on the crumbled ruins of God's holy temple.

For some time the see of Lichfield was not filled up. At last the King nominated Dr. Hacket,—a man of piety and zeal, suited to the work which he had before him, as the few incidents related of him in this book will serve to show. The bishop determined instantly to set about restoring the holy temple of God, and he was not a man of merely good intention. On the morning after his arrival, he roused his servants, and with his own coach-horses and teams, and hired laborers, he began to remove the rubbish, and laid the first hand to the pious work. He solicited subscriptions from the inhabitants of every city, town, and village in the diocese, and received contributions from the nobility and ministers of state, and from the wealthy in all parts of the kingdom.

King Charles contributed one hundred fair timber-trees from Needwood Forest. Bishop Hacket himself spent 1,683*l.* 12*s.*; and the prebendaries and canons of the Cathedral gave the half of their income. The treasurers appointed by the bishop to receive the contributions for this pious purpose, I find to have been Henry Archbold and Jeffrey Glasier. In the space of eight years, the Cathedral was restored to its former

beauty and magnificence. It was on the 24th of December, 1669, that the good bishop reconsecrated the church, with much pomp and solemnity. Attended by the dean and members of the church, and in the presence of many of the nobility and gentry, the bailiffs, and other officers of the city, and a great concourse of spectators, the bishop, habited in his episcopal robes, entered the west door of the Cathedral. The procession advanced up the south aisle, when the bishop, with a loud voice, repeated the first verse of the 144th Psalm. Afterwards the whole choir alternately sang the psalm to the organ. In the same order they proceeded to the north aisle. The bishop sung the first verse of the 100th Psalm, which was repeated by the whole company. The procession then moved to the body of the church, when the bishop began the 102d Psalm; and, when the vicars choral had concluded it, he commanded the doors of the choir to be opened, and in the same form passed along the south aisle, and afterwards the north, where they sung the 132d Psalm.

At the conclusion of the procession, the bishop went to the faldstool, in the centre of the choir, and, with a loud voice, called upon the congregation to join him in the Lord's Prayer, and in other devotional services adapted to the occasion. He then pronounced a solemn benediction on the act in which they were engaged, and upon all that were present. The usual service of morning prayer, and two occasional anthems, then followed; and the ceremony concluded with contributions made for the poor. Thus was God's holy temple reconsecrated to His service.*

I shall only further relate the affecting account of

* See Harwood's History of Lichfield, pp. 65, 66.

the conclusion of Bishop Hacket's labors. "After the excellent prelate had completed the work which had engaged so many years of his episcopacy,—after he had adorned the church with new stalls, and with an organ which cost upwards of six hundred pounds, his last care was for the bells. He had contracted with eminent founders for six bells becoming a cathedral, which his son and executor Sir Andrew Hacket completed, although only three of them were cast before his death, and the tenor only was hung up. The first time it rung, the bishop was very weak ; yet he went out of his bed-chamber into the next room to hear it : he seemed well pleased with the sound, and blessed God, who had favored him with life to hear it ; but, at the same time, observed that it would be his own passing-bell, and retiring to his chamber, he never left it till he was carried to his grave."

The following lines of Wordsworth are beautifully expressive of the events recorded in the preceding chapter :—

"As when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrieve
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
Even so, in many a reconstructed fane
Have the survivors of this storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude ;
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance ;
Most feelingly instructed, 'mid their fear,
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite both feed and cheer ;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER XXIII.

—
" If He spared not them,
Tremble and be amazed at thy escape,
Far guiltier England, lest He spare not thee."

COWPER.

CONCLUSION.

As the foregoing narrative is written with a practical view, and as the application may not be obvious to all readers, I will not conclude without offering some reflections on the state of affairs at the time of the great rebellion, as compared with the age in which we live.

In the first place, *the rebellion, with all its crimes and horrors, was the joint work of sectarians and democrats.* It was a combined attack upon the Church and State. The democrats could not destroy the monarchy while the Church maintained its influence. The sectarians could not effect their objects against the Church while it was supported by the power of the monarchy.

" I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only means t'enjoy
The ruin of the Church,"*

Such was the language of the sectarian; and the

* Denham.

revolutionist, on his part, attacked the Church as the advanced post of the monarchy. And so an unholy alliance was made between them, each party supposing that they were using the other as their tools, until, at the very moment of success, both together were swallowed up in anarchy and subsequent despotism. And so it is at the present moment. The Church and State are attacked by the joint operations of dissent and democracy; and both Church and State will stand or fall together. Destroy the English monarchy, and the Church, as an establishment, must fall; destroy the Church, and the monarchy cannot survive. They are so linked together as to be indissoluble. The same power which could overthrow one, could and would infallibly overthrow the other. The proverb, *no bishop, no king, no mitre, no sceptre*, was laughed at before the great rebellion; but they who laughed lived to witness its truth to their cost. The Church and monarchy are still the two pillars on which rests the whole of our social edifice. Pull down either of them, and the whole fabric of society must fall to ruins. Commerce, agriculture, manufacture, the national credit, the national character, together with all our domestic comfort, our pleasant home and families, would be scattered in wild confusion.

In the second place, we may observe, that *it is impossible for rebels and revolutionists to gain their objects*. Grant that they may by physical, or, more properly speaking, *brute* force, subvert our institutions, still they cannot thereby attain those fancied advantages which they anticipate. I do not now speak of mere plunderers—these men can make their harvest in the midst of storms; but I speak of those who really

imagine that they can improve the constitution by violence and agitation—the Hampdens, Pym, and Vane of the great rebellion—of which numbers exist amongst us at the present time.

In the narrative before us we have seen that the rebellion was accompanied by a four years' civil war, and with a vast deal of suffering and misery; then came a military despotism; and then the people reverted with joyful enthusiasm to their former constitution, and the prime agents in the rebellion were hanged or exiled, or lived only in misery and disgrace. Such was the portion which they gained. The course of the French revolution has been in part the same, in part different. They have gone through anarchy and despotism. The men who figured as principal actors in the first scenes of the revolution for the most part perished miserably; and those who have succeeded them are as bitter and dissatisfied as ever with the results of their schemes. Unlike the English nation after its troubles, the French have not returned to their old feelings and habits. The mass of the people, even now, submit in sullen silence to the Citizen King, only from fear of the same horrors which they have already experienced. There is nothing stable and permanent in their condition. A spark may at any moment ignite the whole kingdom. There is nothing of the permanency and fixedness of an old-established government. So, if England in her madness were again violently to overturn the present order of things, troubled and unstable as it even now is, it is impossible to say whether she would ever again become settled in peace,—certainly not during the life of any who are now born. Nay, it may well be doubted

whether the present state of restlessness in the nation be not the remote but legitimate result of that very rebellion, the history of which we have been considering. For though the restoration of the monarchy was effected amidst unbounded joy and apparent unanimity, yet there remained concealed in the background much of the turbulent wilful spirit of republicanism and dissent, which had been matured amidst civil strife, and was not soon likely to subside. If we could trace the secret springs and causes of events, and follow the stream of time, it is not unlikely that the English rebellion would be found to leave its traces on the world's history to the end of time. Was not America peopled by malcontents and schismatics from England? Was it not from America that France received her revolutionary mania?—a mania which has already convulsed continental Europe, and the effects of which are now reacting on our own unsettled kingdom,—just like the cholera or pestilence, which takes its origin in the miasma of some polluted district, and, having made the circuit of the world, again returns to devastate the spot in which it was first engendered.

But again : as to the actors in rebellions and revolutions, we may learn some useful lessons from the foregoing narrative. There are, of course, violent, unprincipled men whose object is plunder; selfish and ambitious men, whose object is power. But these cannot effect their object but for the mistaken co-operation of high-minded and conscientious men, who throw the weight of their moral influence into the scale. It is a most difficult point for a liberal statesman to know, with his bias of mind, how far to pro-

ceed, and where precisely to stop. As to Lord Brooke, he appears to have been a thorough hot-headed fanatic, whose reason, by some strange power, had been perverted from truth, and whose actions were guided by mere irrational impulse. Perhaps the nearest approach to a conscientious liberal may be seen in the noble Falkland; yet even he overstepped the bounds of the constitution, and retracted with deep sorrow when it was too late. No one in the present day will contend that some of the acts of Charles's early government were not too arbitrary. It was lawful, therefore, by constitutional means to resist them; but it was not lawful in resisting them to go beyond the law, or seek to change the constitution. "It hath been often said," such are the words of Lord Falkland, "and I think it can never be too often repeated, that the Kings of England can do no wrong; but though they could, yet princes have no part in the ill effects of those actions which their judges assure them to be just, nor in what their counsellors say are prudent, nor in what their divines say are conscientious, if they mislead the King. This consideration leadeth me to that which is more necessary at this season than any further laying open of our miseries—that is the way to the remedy, by seeking to remove from our Sovereign such unjust judges, such pernicious counsellors, and such disconscientious divines, as have of late years by their wicked practices provoked aspersions upon the government of the most gracious and best of kings." This is sound constitutional doctrine. But how difficult it is to stop at the right point,—how impossible for even a conscientious mind, with a liberal bias, to avoid exceeding the

just bounds of constitutional and moral justice—may be seen in the votes and speeches of the same Lord Falkland in the debate respecting the bishops, and the middle course which he vainly attempted to take. Bitterly, indeed, did he afterwards regret that he had not joined the side of loyalty, while his joining it might have been of some avail to save the kingdom.

There are, doubtless, on the liberal side at the present time high-minded men, who, like Falkland, will be the first, if troubles should arise, to lay down their lives for their Sovereign, and perish in the vain attempt to maintain the constitution which they are at this moment using their whole influence to undermine. All history with one voice teaches us that when good men league themselves with bad for the furtherance of a common object, it is impossible, in the nature of things, for them to stop where they desire. The very impetus which they have contributed to give to the mass of events will hurry them on against their will, or overwhelm them if they attempt to resist.

If it is thus perilous for high-minded and conscientious men to ally themselves even for good objects with those of different character, the danger is infinitely greater—nay, the evil is inevitable—when men of a lower degree of moral character—conscientious, perhaps, so far as that they believe the end in view to be good, but not high-principled enough to scruple about the means they use to accomplish it,—when such men have power and influence placed in their hands. It is possible that even Pym, Vane, and Hampden, may have believed that their policy was conducive to the good of their country, and may not have supposed that they were guided by sinful ambition or

malignant passion; yet it is notorious that they were in traitorous correspondence with the Scots; as in the time of the French revolution, it is well known that a party in our own country had traitorous intercourse with the French Jacobins; and as in our own day, members of the British legislation have been in correspondence with the rebels in Canada and other places,—not to speak of the countenance which they have afforded to papists, dissenters, chartists, socialists, and other enemies of the Church and State. Another close resemblance between the low-principled men who brought about the great rebellion, and the liberal party of the present day, is their unscrupulous resort to calumny, their defamation of the most sacred and revered institutions, if it seemed likely to serve their purpose. Thus you will hear the Church and her ministers vilified even by men who would shrink from the sin of assisting in its overthrow. But it is just this seeming co-operation of respectable men which gives revolutionists their power to effect mischief. Let revolutionists stand in their naked deformity as traitors and villains, and all men would shrink from their contact: but when the less violent politicians stoop to avail themselves of the perjury and violence of these men for their own party-purposes, then the boundaries of right and wrong are unsettled, and the public mind is demoralised.

Nothing was more remote from the thoughts of Northumberland and Lord Say than to be pushed from their seats by such upstarts as Cromwell and Ireton. The aristocratic liberals of the present day think only of their own immediate power and aggrandisement, and have no wish to be ridden over rough-

shed by the democrats ; and yet, if they do not speedily change their course, they will find themselves, like those before them, mere tools in the hands of men whose principles they have, for their own purposes, encouraged.

The evil is brought to its crisis when men resort to the direct or indirect employment of brute force to carry political measures. When statesmen condescend to countenance the violence of mobs to influence elections, or when they avail themselves of the demonstration of assembled masses, deluding and brutalizing the minds of an ignorant populace, in order to gain their object over their political opponents, an engine is brought to bear which may at any moment explode, and overwhelm both parties in one common ruin. They are like a ship in full chase, crowding all sail to overtake the enemy, careless of its own danger until it is itself upset by the violence of the gale ; nay, rather, it is as if we could imagine the tempests let loose from the cave of Eolus, refusing to obey their master, and rending their own dwelling in their fury.

Such was the immediate cause of the great rebellion. It was by brute force that the bishops were driven from the House of Lords, many members of Parliament excluded from their seats, and the King himself forced to fly from London. Such, in a tenfold degree, was the prelude to the French revolution. Multiply the violence of the French revolution again in a tenfold ratio, and it will perhaps represent the evil impending over ourselves, if God give us not the power to check the elements of mischief already at work amongst us.

Neither, amongst the immediate instruments in a revolution, must we forget to mention those indolent, unstable persons who, though of loyal principles, yet by their inactivity and supineness suffer their cause to appear weaker than it really is. Such were the men who allowed the bill for the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords to pass *while they were at their dinner*. We have, I fear, too many such persons in the present day,—persons who obtain a seat in parliament for the sort of notoriety and éclat attached to it ; but when an important division takes place, are found to be “abroad,” or what is even of more pernicious effect, because it cannot be provided against, and is of constant occurrence, absent themselves from the daily business of the house, and suffer the few who are at their posts to be put down by clamor, and overborne by numbers ; so that they cannot take that firm high-principled tone which their cause demands, but must use the apologetic defensive language of men speaking to an adverse audience ; which, when read day after day in the journals, insensibly operates on the public mind, and places the cause of truth and loyalty in an inferior position ; thereby damping the hopes and extinguishing the ardor of the well-affected in the land.

But, after all, statesmen are but the instruments and agents of those whose opinions and interests they represent. And it is to the mass of the country that we must look for the true springs of events. Statesmen may sometimes, owing to peculiar circumstances, overbear the nation’s will. The democrats in the great rebellion urged the nation on in its unnatural war long after the great mass of the people earnestly

desired peace : Cromwell, armed with military power, murdered the King, amidst the tears and groans of an indignant people ; and so, in modern times, a party may by skilful manœuvres gain a majority in a new parliament, and so continue to rule a nation, long after they have lost its confidence. But these are exceptions. The course of events must generally depend (in England, at least) on the feelings and wishes of the nation. It is the gentry and commonalty of the land, the mass of the middle and industrious classes, on whose wishes, principles, and conduct, depend the fortunes of the country. It is the accumulated impulse of individual towns and neighborhoods, though insignificant in themselves, which decides our ruin or safety. And the influence of distinct localities, whether for good or evil, may often be traced to the vigor or indolence, the loyalty or treachery, of a few leading individuals. For instance, had the King won the battle of Edgehill, the war would at once have been at an end, and the country would have returned to peace. The ill success of the King in the battle of Edgehill was in a great measure the result of the defective arming of the main body of his troops ; this defective arming was owing to the refusal of Lichfield and other places to supply arms and stores ; and this refusal was attributable to the conduct of Mr. Froggat and other persons of timid and moderate principles, who threw their influence, without intending it, into the scale of rebellion. Had Froggat and his party honestly come forward on the loyal side, the arms would have been voted, and the King's cause served. And what was

done at Lichfield was but an example of what was taking place in a hundred other towns of the kingdom.

It was the timid, wavering conduct of moderate men through which the country was lost ; and so it always will be.

How many Mr. Froggats are there even now in every town and county in England, who by their inertness and vacillation are doing the work of the democrats ! Some will not register themselves as voters ; or when an election comes, will not vote ; or from fear, or some unworthy motive, vote on the revolutionary side ; or split their votes ; or attempt to compromise between two sides. And so, when the contending parties meet on the arena of the House of Commons, the revolutionary troops, instead of being at once defeated, maintain their ground and gather strength.

The most obvious evil resulting from the conduct of these short-sighted moderate people, is their refusal to furnish the sinews of war. The war of the Constitution, the war for Church and Queen, is even now being fought in our churches and our schools. Give but the active friends of order and religion the means of influencing the masses of the people by the lever of religious instruction and education, and all may yet be well,—the nation may yet be saved. But if the respectable persons in the upper and middle classes cannot be induced to come forward more liberally than they have done,—if their contributions continue to be doled forth in the same niggard manner,—if, consequently, the religious instruction of our heathen population, and religious education of the young, make no more rapid progress than they have done,—

then, when the day of struggle comes, as come it must, it is much to be feared the victory will be with the revolutionists ; and thousands of moderate Whigs, moderate Conservatives, liberal Churchmen, conscientious Dissenters, no-party men, and the like, will be plunged in one abyss of irretrievable ruin.

Let all such persons be well assured that another English rebellion will be a very different thing from the former. The great rebellion, as it is called, was but a petty brawl in comparison with what must inevitably result, if ever war should again be kindled amongst our vicious and demoralised population. That was a contest of parties, and went on till one party was suppressed. The next will be a collision of classes, and will not cease till one class be extinguished. But I will not dare to write further on this subject.

I would earnestly warn all those who read these pages, if they cannot gainsay the truth of what is asserted, to consider themselves as called on most solemnly to furnish those necessary means which are required in order to bring to a successful issue that war of principle which is even now commenced. Let each in his respective neighborhood see that the people are duly instructed in God's true religion, that evil men are discountenanced, and evil principles are counteracted. Let us all, according to our means, join heartily in one vigorous and persevering effort to restore the Church to her just influence, and the laws to their ancient supremacy ; and let us unite in the prayer appointed by the Church for that most sadly memorable day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles the First :

“O most mighty God, terrible in Thy judgments, and wonderful in Thy doings towards the children of men, who in Thy heavy displeasure didst suffer the life of our gracious Sovereign King Charles the First to be, as on this day, taken away by the hands of cruel and bloody men ; we, Thy sinful creatures here assembled before Thee, do, in the behalf of all the people of this land, humbly confess that they were the crying sins of this nation which brought down this heavy judgment upon us. But, O gracious God, when Thou makest inquisition for blood, lay not the guilt of this innocent blood (the shedding whereof nothing but the blood of Thy Son can expiate), lay it not to the charge of the people of this land, nor let it ever be required of us or our posterity. Be merciful, O Lord, be merciful unto Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed, and be not angry with us for ever : but pardon us for Thy mercy's sake, through the merits of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

NOTES.

I.

PAGE 9.

THE following is an ancient inscription preserved in the vestry of St. Mary's church at Lichfield:

"In the second or third of Dioclesian's persecution here in Britaine, many Christians suffered martyrdom, amongst whom our protomartyr and first principal of Britaine was St. Alban of Verulam (now called St. Albans), who is said to suffer in the year of Christ cccxiii.; one of whom the poet wrote thus—

Fruitfull Britaine bringeth forth
Alban, a martyr of high worth.

And shortly after, to the number of one thousand Christians, with Amphibalus, St. Alban's instructor, who being instructing of them, were taken at Lichfield, where they suffered martyrdom, under Dioclesian. But Amphibalus was taken and brought into Verulam, where he [had] first instructed St. Alban, and there [they] tormented him, by slitting up his belly, and then whipping of his body round about a stake, till all his bowells were drawne out, and so stoned him to death. Since which time, by our ancient historians Lichfield was called Licidfield, which is interpreted to be *Cadaverum Corpus*—that is, the Field of Dead Bodies.

"Since which martyrdom the Citty beareth for her armes an eschocheon of landskip with many martyrs in several manner massacred.

Lichfield should be a field of good,
Since it was watered with holy blood.

‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the saints.’
—Psalm cxvi. verse 15.”

II.

PAGE 24.

Extracts from a collection of old manuscripts now in my possession, illustrative of the state of the country at the opening of the rebellion. The first is evidently a declaration made by the rebels.

“Whereas there are divers papists, robbers, and other lewd persons that are lately come into our county, and very nere to the town of Derby, and threatyn to burn and spoyle the sayd towne, and threaten likewise the ruin of the sayd county. —Therefore we do earnestly entreate you, as you tender your own safety, and the preservation of the peace of this countie, that you will send to Derby to-morrowe, being Wensday, such able and well affected persons, together with so many horses, bridles, and saddles, as you can convenientlie spare, with such weapons as you can provide, as gunns, halbeards, pitchforks, bills, and such like, to help to defend the said towne and countie against them. And so, being confident of your forwardness and willinge assistance, we rest,” &c.

The following letters, of which neither the signature nor the address have been preserved, bear internal evidence of having been written by Sir J. Gell, the rebel leader at Derby. They show the dreadful state of embarrassment in which peaceable persons must have been placed.

“SIR,

“You have been formerly sent to for y^r resolution what you would do for the defence of y^r countrie. Mr. Hastings is now come with forces to Swarkeston, to the apparent disturbance of the peace of this county. There is no longer tyme to dissemble; therefore you must declare yourselfe

eyther for hym or us, and that presently by to-morrow at noon. We say no more, but that we are," &c.

" 3d Jan., 1642 [3]."

" SIR,

" You have had tyme enough to resolve eyther to bee for the countrie or those y^t robb itt; Mr. Hastings with his crew doth the later. We are resolved to oppose hym with all the strength wee have. If you speedily send us any assistance to the good worke, doe it before Wensday night, the 14th of this month; otherwise assure yourselfe wee know how to value both newters and enimies. There is no further time for delay: you may do y^r countrie service, and obliege," &c.

" CAPTAINE,

" We are credibly informed y^t divers constables doe not bring in their monies, nor some their horses, contrary to y^r assessments y^t was set upon their severall townships, to y^r great disservice of y^e present necessitie of this county, and to the apparent opposition of the authoritie of Parliament, which is y^e only worke of some malignants. These are therefore to require you, according to y^r authority given to us by both Houses of Parliament, y^t presently upon receipt hereof you secure the person, and seize upon the mone, plate, armes, and horses of any malignants [*i. e.* royalists] where you are strong enough; and when you are not, send to us, and wee will assist you with more forces. And hereof fayle not, as you tender the service of the King (!) and Parliament. Given under our hand at D[erby]."

III.

PAGE 70.

This is the account of the death of Lord Brooke, given by Dugdale in his short view of the late troubles in England, p. 117. "All I find of note is . . . the attempt upon Litchfield Close, made by Robert Lord Brooke, wherein he lost his life; the manner whereof is not a little remarkable, which

(in short) was thus:—This Lord being strangely tainted with fanatic principles, by the influence of one of his near relations and some schismatical preachers (though in his own nature a very civil and well-humored man), became thereby so great a zealot against the established discipline of the Church, that no less than the utter extirpation of episcopacy, and abolishing all decent order in the service of God, would satisfy him; to which end he became leader of all the power he could raise for the destruction of the Cathedral of that diocese of Coventry and Litchfield. In order whereunto, when he had marched within half a mile of Litchfield, he drew up his army, and then devoutly prayed a blessing upon his intended works; withall earnestly desiring that God would, by some special token, manifest upon them His approbation of that their design: which being done, he went on and planted his great guns against the south-east gate of the Close, himself standing in a window of a little house near thereto, to direct the gunners in their purposed battery; but it so happened that, there being two persons placed in the battlement of the chiefest steeple, to make shot with long fouling guns at the cannoniers, upon a sudden accident, which caused the souldiers to give a shout, this lord, coming to the door (completely harnessed with plate-armor cap-a-pe), was suddenly shot into one of his eyes; but the strength of the bullet, so much abated by the glance thereof on a piece of timber, which supported a pentiss over the door, that it *only* (!) lodged in his brains, whereupon he suddenly fell down dead: nor is it less notable that this accident fell out on the second day of March, which is the festival of that sometime famous Bishop St. Chad, to whose memory Offa, king of the Mercians, first erected this stately church and devoutly dedicated it."

It is but just to Mr. Dyott to mention, that in as far as relates to his part in this narrative, Dugdale is not borne out in his statement by other historians. The general account given by other writers agrees with the tradition preserved in the family, that the bullet by no means glanced from any wood-work or pentiss, but that it was a fair point-blank shot, as

described in this book. The gun is still preserved by the family, and may be seen, I have no doubt, by any persons who desire conviction: and the spot in the Dam-street where Lord Brooke fell is marked by an inscription briefly recording the event; also, the armor in which Lord Brooke was slain is preserved at Warwick Castle.

The following characteristic letter is from a young cavalier.

"To the fair hands of my ever-honored Lady Dyer, at the White Unicorn in the Old Bailey.

"MADAM,

"My last lettre (dated February 25), and your ladyship's precious answer, are part of the plunder which I have every day more and more [to deplore], but can meet no day to revenge it in. Since I came from home, four men and five horses I have lost; thrice have I been actually taken, besides other close pursuits; but yet I live to service your ladyship, next to God and my King; and hitherto I can number as many escapes as dangers. We have had the honor in these parts to bring my Lord Brooke to a quiet condition. That enemy to our Church (March 2) was slain in his quarrel against our Church, by the God of our Church, with a shott out of the Cathedral, by a bullet made of church lead, through the mouth which reviled our Church; and (if this be worth your reading) this Cathedral was dedicated to the memory of an old Saxon holy man (called Ceadda, commonly Chad): the blow of death came from St. Chadd's Church upon St. Chadd's day. This being a veritie, is fit for a lady of rare worth. His lieutenant (thought to be Sir Edward Peto) and his lieutenant major both slaine. Several loads of hurt men and dead men carried away to be privately buried. . . . I was twice prisoner in half an hower; but still I am a free man. Bonds cannot hold me: only your noble favors have power to bind me in a perpetual service, where I am happy to be the thrall of your kindness, in being the admirer of your virtue.

"JAMES AUDELY.

"March 11, 1643."

IV.

PAGE 103.

Dugdale says, "The gunner y^t shott down Litchfield steeple in the siege, this month in shooting of a cannon at Stafford for triumph upon Major-Gen^l Harrison his coming thither, was kild by the breach thereof, his chin and one arm being torn off: he lived a day or two."

It is recorded also that Colonel Danvers, who stripped the lead off the roof, and Perkins the founder, who broke the bells, "suffered a tremendous retribution."

V.

PAGE 131.

Letter from Lord Loughborough, commander of the King's forces at Ashby, to Sir John Gell the rebel governor of Derby.

"SIR,

"I have your Major of Derby and his sonne-in-lawe now prisoners; and being loath y^r towne should want a magistrate for y^r cyvill government, knowing y^rselfe and y^r souldyers will have employmente enough to act y^r martiall parte, I am content to exchange hym for any considerable man; and to make you acquainted wth it, have given his sonne-in-lawe lybertie to come to you, not doubting but you will doe me as good a service; but it must be quickly, else I hope it will be too late, my Lord Hopton having bangd Waller, and upon his marche into Kent, intending to keepe Christmas at Greenwich; so I rest

Y^r servant,

"LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Ashby, 4th Decemb^r 1643."

THE ANSWER.

"SIR,

"The old Maior of Derby is a newe converte since he came to Ashby, if he be not more for y^r service than ours. However, I shal take it kyndly if you please to send mee y^r recorder to sweare a new maior, the old one being both out of

date and office. If you send us neyther of them, I will send you y^r steward, and then you will have those you formerly ruled soe much in Derby. Y^r news and mine came not from one hand; for I am informed that Hopton overcame Waller in runninge away, and instead of Greenewiche, fled in haste to Oxford. You may as easily persuade me that Hopton is in London, as that you doe me a courtesie in sending me y^r old maior; therefore there neede no haste to requite it: however, I am resolved not to dye in y^r debt; and it is the easilyer paid when you are found to value this exchange at so hyghe a rate.

"Y^r servant,

"JOHN GELL.

"Derby, 5th Decem^r 1643."

"COLONEL BAGOTT,

"I stayed untill now in expectation to hear from Newarke; but, as yet, nobody is come to mee. I conceive your souldyers are weary, and therefore I would have you to quarter them this night at Burton, which you may doe safelie wyth reasonable guards. If you have any hay ready about Saltern brydges, send out warrants to carry it to-morrow to Litchfield. Write back to mee what you doe, so soon as you receive this. God willing, I wil be with you this night; so I rest

"Yo^r assured loveing friend,

"LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Asheby, Tuesday, 30th of July, 1644,
8 o'clock morninge."

VI.

PAGE 131.

Extracts from the minute-book of the parliamentary committee, which sat at Stafford during the rebellion:

"Dec. 1643. Ordered, that Mrs. Cradock may have towards the fortification of her house at Carswall, liberty to take, fell, cut down, or carry away any timber or other materials, from any papists, delinquent, or malignant whatsoever."

"Dec. 11. Whereas it is informed to the committee at Stafford, that divers troopes of Colonel Grevi's and Major Med-

hope's brought horses when they came into the service of this country, and have lost them, so that now they want horses, it is ordered that the said Major Medhope, who is now in service of the county, at or about Leeke, shall have power to take so many horses of papists, delinquents, or malignants, as to horse the said troopers; wherein especial care is to be had that no man's horse be taken that is a friend to the King and Parliament."

[They still maintained, it seems, the nonsensical notion of the King being on the same side with the rebels.]

"Dec. 22, 1643. It was ordered by the committee, *nemine contradicenti*, that Stafford Castle should be forthwith demolished," [here follow the names of all the committee].

The next entry to the above is the following:—

"It is ordered that Mr. Alder, having sworn three several oathes in the presence of the committee, shall pay for the same 3d [or perhaps three shillings], to be distributed amongst the six undernamed souldiers."

[The soldiers are not named, so probably the secretary got the money.]

Soon after:—

"Mr. Phillips committed to the gaole, for being drunken, abusing the watch in the night, calling them, in regard they would not let down the bridge, 'Parliament rogues—what, would they fight against their King? and saying he was a Cavalier.'"

"Feb. 29, 1644. That Keele house be forthwith demolished by Captain Barbar's souldiers: and that Mr. Fitzherbert's house at Swinnerton be forthwith demolished by Captain Stone's souldiers."

"May 8, 1644. Whereas there is a great necessity for the falling of timber for the use of this garrison, and since now is a good time for the same, in regard of the commodity of the barke, it is ordered that there be speedily felled so much timber out of the delinquents' woods, as shall be necessary for the use of the garrison."

"Dec. 10. Whereas it is informed that Capt. Tuthill hath

taken 200 loads of haye from Col. Leigh, it is ordered that the solicitors for sequestration do pay the sum of 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* out of *delinquents' rents* for and in lieu of the said haye."

"Jan. 20, 1645. Whereas the soldiers in Totmanstowe hundred are much in arrears for their pay, . . . it is ordered that our loving friends Colonel John Bowyer, &c., shall asseste and levye on such sufficient men in that hundred as they shal think fitt, and which have not already advanced according to an ordinance of Parliament, the sum of 180*l.*"

"Jan. 21. Orderd that Mr. Henry Goringe shall have power and authority from time to time, so often as it is necessary, to fell any timber-trees in Sir Thomas's parke, or within the Lady Stafford's grounds, for the edefying or repaying of any works belonging to the garrison of Stafford."

"Jan. 28. Ordered that the household stuff which was bought from Eccleshall Castle (the bishop's) and now lyeth in the shire hall, shall be sold."

"Feb. 21. For as much as Mr. Beryer, parson of Norbury, hath given forth in his sermon diverse scandalous speeches against the Parliament, it is therefore ordered that Captain Henry Stone shall forthwith bring the said Mr. Beryer before the committee at Stafford, to answer his misdemeanors, and that the said Captain Stone shall also seize upon the horses and cattle of the said Mr. Beryer for the state service."

"March 13. Whereas Lieutenant Wagstaffe took a mare from Thomas Smith, of Wilbrighton, it is ordered that he shall have his mare delivered to him agayne, in regard that she is unserviceable."

VII.

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The following is a description of the armor used at the period, and the prices regulated by law.

	£.	s.	d.
A breast of pistoll proof	-	ix	-
A backe	-	vii	-
A gorgett	-	iii	-

A headpiece with great cheeks and a barr be-	£.	s.	d.
fore the face	-	xi	-

The totall of the whole, and all parts of a har-			
quebuzier, or light-horseman's armor is .	i	xii	-

The cuirassier's armor was more expensive,			
including pouldrons, vambraces, guissets			
and guarderine, in all	iii	x	-

The prices of the corselet or footman's armor
russetted, was as follows:—

The breast	-	v	vi
----------------------	---	---	----

The backe	-	iiii	vi
---------------------	---	------	----

The tassets	-	v	-
-----------------------	---	---	---

The combed head-peece lyned	-	iiii	vi
---------------------------------------	---	------	----

The gorget lyned	-	ii	vi
----------------------------	---	----	----

The total of the footman's armor	i	ii	-
--	---	----	---

If the breast, back, and tassets be lyned with			
red leather, the price will be	i	iiii	-

Price of a Pike.

The staffe	-	ii	vi
----------------------	---	----	----

The head	-	i	viii
--------------------	---	---	------

Socket and coloring	-	-	iiii
-------------------------------	---	---	------

Summe	-	iii	vi
-----------------	---	-----	----

For unstriking, new fyling, russetting, new			
nayling, leathering, and lyning of a cuiras-			
sier's armor	i	iii	-

For yearly dressing and keeping clean a cui-			
rassier's armor that needs not new russet-			
ting or setting	-	iii	-

For cutting and new fashioning a long-bellied			
breast	-	ii	vi

The Gun-maker's rates.

For a new musket with mould, worm, and			
scowerer	-	xv	vi

For a new wolnut-tree stock	-	ii	vi
---------------------------------------	---	----	----

For a musket stock of beech	-	i	viii
For a match tricker-lock compleat	-	i	-
For whole worke, consisting of the pan, the cover of the pan, the scutcheon, and the screw pynn	-	i	-
For making clean, and new russetting a mus- ket	-	-	iii
For a musket rest	-	-	x
For a pair of firelock pistols, furnished with a key, mould, scowerer, worm, flask, and cases of leather, of length and boar, accord- ing to the allowance of the counsel of war	iii	-	-
For a pair of horseman's pistols, furnished with snaphaunces, &c.	ii	-	-
For a carabine with a snaphaunce, belt, swi- vel, and flask, &c.	i	xvi	-

The snaphaunce differed from the modern firelock, in the hammer not forming the covering for the pan.

The underwritten extract from the minute-book of the parliamentary committee at Stafford is curious as showing the sort of arms then in use.

"Dec. 13, 1644. Whereas, for want of muskets with fire-locks upon the guards in the garrison, there hath been very much match spent, which is an extraordinary charge to the state, for the prevention of which it is ordered that Mr. Flower shall forthwith deliver out of the Earl of Denbigh's magazeene unto the several commanders of foote belonging to this garrison, for every 20 soldiers they have in their several companies, 5 firelock muskets; and the said commanders, upon delivery thereof, are to deliver to the said Mr. Flower, soe many muskets with match-locks, as they shall receyve firelocks from him, to be laid up in the said magazine, and to be restored when they bring in the said firelocks again, which the said Mr. Flower is to call for, when any of the said companies go to remain in any other garrison."

VIII.

PAGE 208.

The following will show the misery to which the royalists, who escaped from the country, were reduced.

"In his despatches to his friend Sir Edward Nicholas we find him [Clarendon] frequently complaining of his urgent wants. 'I am so cold,' says he, 'that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot.' Again: 'It is now mid-winter, and I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the severity of the season.' He had been obliged to incur such debts for the mere necessities of life, that he began to look with apprehension to the gloom of a prison; and he could no longer procure a dress sufficient either for comfort or appearance. 'I want shoes and shirts,' says he, 'and the Marquis of Ormond is in no better condition.' These men, who had so lately lived in affluence and splendour, were now taught to devise the most frugal expedients for subsistence. They procured a maintenance at the most moderate rate, by messing together at an obscure eating-house; and after their pockets were fairly emptied even by this economical arrangement, they had sufficient credit with their landlady to live for some time on trust. At this time Hyde assures us that he scarcely knew one of the King's servants who had a single pistole in his pocket. 'I have not,' he says, 'been master of a crown these many months: I am cold from want of clothes and fire, and owe all the meat that I have eaten these three months to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am; and the King as either of us."—MAC DIARMID'S *British Statesmen*, vol. ii., p. 334.

IX.

PAGE 220.

The first regular post for the conveyance of letters in Great Britain was established by Charles I. between London and Edinburgh; and the plan became, by degrees, generally adopt-

ed throughout the kingdom. Stage-coaches also began to travel between the principal towns at about the same time, or rather later. Sir William Dugdale mentions that he travelled to London by the Lichfield coach, which passed through Coleshill, near his residence at Blythe Hall. Soon after he writes in his journal, that his "daughter Lettice went towards London in Coventrie waggon, March 13, 1660." "This mode of conveyance," says the editor, "was possibly chosen by the young lady as affording greater security and comfort in winter than the stage-coach, or permitting her to carry a larger quantity of baggage." (See *Dugdale's Life*, p. 105.)

It does not appear that the improvements in travelling or postage made very rapid progress. A writer in 1720 says, "This conveyance by post is done in so short a time, by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes one hundred and twenty miles. Moreover, if any gentleman desire to ride post to any principal town in Great Britain, post-horses are always in readiness, taking no horse without consent of owner, which in other kings' reigns was not duly observed; and only 3d. is demanded for every English mile, and for every stage to the post-boy 4d. for conducting.

"Besides this excellent convenience for conveying letters, and men on horseback, there is of late such an admirable commodiousness both for men and women of better rank to travel to London, and almost all the villages near the great city, that the like hath not been known in the world; and that is by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather and foul ways, free from endamaging one's health or body by hard jogging or over violent motion; and this not only at a low price, at about a shilling for every five miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the posts in some foreign countries make not more miles in a day; for the stage-coaches, called flying coaches, make forty or fifty miles in a day, as from London to Oxford or Cambridge, and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too

early nor coming in too late."—*The Exact Dealer's Daily Companion*, quoted in *Dugdale's Life*.

Newspapers were another invention of about the same date. The invention is due to the Venetians, and the name was taken from a small coin of that country, which was the usual price. It was supposed that the first gazettes were published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of the approach of the Spanish Armada; and most writers have ascribed to England the credit of the invention, and quoted it as a remarkable instance of Lord Burleigh's sagacity. The supposed gazettes, however, in the British Museum, on which that opinion was founded, have lately been proved forgeries. The first paper published in England, anything like a gazette, was in the reign of James I., relating the proceedings of the English troops during the thirty years' war.

It does not appear that any periodical journal was published until shortly before the breaking out of the great rebellion. Occasional papers were then printed in abundance, such as the "Marine Mercury, or a true relation of a strange appearance of a man-fish, about three miles within the river Thames, having a musket in one hand and a petition in the other; with a relation of Sir Simon Hearty's victory over the Rebels, 1642." Regular periodical journals also began to be published very numerous by the contending parties, as the *Mercurius Aulicus*, *Mercurius Mastyx*, *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, *Mercurius Britannicus*, *Weekly Intelligencer*, and "a pretty sweet pamphlet called the *Scottish Mercury*," *Kingdom Weekly Post*, &c. These newspapers greatly tended to exasperate men's minds and promote bitterness between the parties.

It is remarkable how soon these journals are accused of venality. Sir John Gell is charged by Mrs. Hutchinson with getting "puffing intelligence" introduced into them, and of "being at great care and expense to get his exploits mentioned in the diurnals: so that when they had nothing else to renown him for, they once put in, that the troops of that valiant commander, Sir John Gell, took a dragoon with a plush doublet. Colonel Hutchinson never would give anything to

buy the flattery of those scribblers ; and when one of them had once, when he was in town, made mention of something done at Nottingham with falsehood, and given Gell the glory of an action wherein he was not concerned, Mr. Hutchinson rebuked him for it ; whereupon the man begged his pardon, and told him he would write as much for him the next week : but Mr. Hutchinson told him he scorned his mercenary pen, only warned him not to dare to lie in any of his concernments ; whereupon the fellow was awed, and he had no more abuse of that kind."

The first instance of a regular advertisement occurs in No. 7 of the Impartial Intelligencer, which commenced March, 1648-9—from a gentleman at Candish, in Suffolk, respecting some horses which had been stolen from him.



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3. The third part is the introduction, which sets the context for the study and outlines the research objectives.

4. The fourth part is the methodology, which describes the research design and data collection methods.

5. The fifth part is the results, which presents the findings of the study in a structured manner.

6. The sixth part is the discussion, which interprets the results and discusses their implications.

7. The seventh part is the conclusion, which summarizes the main findings and provides recommendations for future research.

8. The eighth part is the references, which lists the sources used in the study.

9. The ninth part is the appendix, which contains supplementary information related to the study.

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